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Cover photograph by Dick Raphael

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BROWN ILLUSTRATION published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 340 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10030. James A. Latta, President; D. W. Brunsbach, Treasurer; John F. Harvey, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Continental U.S. subscription \$9 a year; Alaska, Canada, Mexico, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands \$10 a year; military personnel anywhere in the world \$6 a year; all others \$14 a year.

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## Next week

COLLEGE FOOTBALL 1968 promises to be a vintage year, one that is rich in returning stars and unusually strong teams, and one in which some famous old rivalries will wax hotter than ever. A portfolio of paintings captures the mood of such tradition-laden confrontations, and the deeds of Albe, Old 98, Doc and Glenn and the like are recalled. A most modern tradition, recruiting, is explored by Dan Jenkins through a case study of a high school quarterback's route to college. And also explored is that most exciting business, who will win, as once again our football staff selects the Top 20 teams and provides extensive scouting reports on each, plus what happened to the have-nots, a small-college review and some new faces to watch for. And, of course, all our regular features and news.



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# SCORECARD

## MAKING A FAST BUCK

Notre Dame has pulled a fast one on its rivals, shuffling the price structure of football tickets so that visiting teams will contribute almost \$110,000 of their share of the gate this season to the Notre Dame building fund. The custom is for teams to split ticket money 50-50, and Notre Dame's contracts with its Big Ten rivals call for such an arrangement. But the Irish have devised an ingenious system that makes 50-50 less than half. They may sell as many as 22,000 season tickets at \$40 each—with \$30 of this amount marked for admission to the six home games, but the other \$10 listed as a contribution to the Notre Dame building fund. This means that the visiting team will share only in the \$5 admission price per game instead of the actual \$6.66 price of the ticket. On a 50-50 split the visitors get \$2.50 instead of \$3.33. This \$36 goes to Notre Dame's building fund. It will cost Purdue, Illinois, Northwestern, Oklahoma, Georgia Tech and Pitt—visitors to Notre Dame Stadium this year—more than \$18,000 each.

Since all football-game contracts grant the home team the right to set its own ticket prices, there is nothing the visiting teams can do about it. The practice is not unusual—ticket speculators and agencies on Broadway are familiar with it, but where Notre Dame calls it "building," they call it "ice."

## A FISH TALE

Ernest Hemingway has been quoted as saying once that "deep-sea fishing will never be a sport until you put the hook in your mouth and get into the water with the fish." Don Gray, a junior at the University of West Florida in Pensacola, has never gone quite that far. But he came fairly close recently in the Gulf of Mexico.

An angler aboard the charter boat on which Gray has been working as first mate to earn school money hooked a blue marlin south of Pensacola. After

seven jumps in three minutes, the marlin broke the line. Ordinarily, that would have been the end of it. But the intrepid first mate sighted the broken line floating behind the boat. Before the fish realized it was free, Gray dived overboard and retrieved the broken end. The captain backed the boat to where Don was swimming, and he climbed aboard. They tried to thread the line back through the guides on another rod, but whenever they pulled in the slack line the marlin would take off again, burning their hands. Eventually they succeeded in tying the lines together. The angler then resumed the fight, with more conventional tactics, and in two hours the 119½-pound marlin was boated.

It wasn't *The Old Man and the Sea*, but it probably equaled anything Hemingway ever did from a boat.

## EXAMINING THE EVIDENCE

Call it *The Case of the Two Slippery Elm Tablets*. They were found in the dust at Wrigley Field two Sundays ago, lying near the third-base line along with a tube of Vaseline. It was the ninth inning. In the seventh Chicago Pitcher Phil Regan had been accused by the umpire of throwing a greaseball. In the bottom of the eighth Regan had collided with Cincinnati Catcher Pat Currales as he slid into home. Had the evidence fallen from the villain's pocket (one reporter remembered that at the 1966 World Series, Regan had a carton of Thayer's slippery elm lozenges in his locker)? Or, as Regan suggested, had the Vaseline and elms been planted?

Two days later National League President Warren Giles, apparently unaware of the seemingly incriminating evidence, absolved Regan of wrongdoing and overruled his umpire, Chris Pelekoudas, who had called Regan's pitches illegal. The umpire admitted he had found no evidence on the ball, and although he had detected a kind of sticky substance on Regan's cap, he could not be sure that it was a lubricant. But he said he could

tell by the flight of the ball that some of Regan's pitches were illegal.

Several umpires feel this is as good evidence as any to convict a pitcher, that on most illegal pitches the ball does not rotate when it reaches the plate. It breaks but lacks any of the spin that a curveball or a slider has. "It can break inside, outside or dip," Umpire Ed Runge explains, "but the lack of a spin gives it away."

Hank Sore described it as "like a ball dropping off a table." Many balls into the dirt are spitballs.

"Any umpire that has been in the game a number of years and can't tell what the spitball or the Vaseline ball looks like, should look for another job," Umpire Al Salerno says. "Both just dive. They don't do anything but go down. There is just no two ways about it."

Next case?

## HEAD START

When it comes to looking exotic, some of Oregon State's football players are neck and neck with the Martians. To build up the Beavers' necks, Assistant Trainer Eddie Ferrell bored a hole



through the top of a helmet, stuck a six-inch length of pipe through the hole and attached a conical stack of weights, which looks like one end of a barbell. Voilà: a pony-headed grdder.

Players with histories of neck injuries have been wearing these helmets for two hours a day during the summer, hoping to head off trouble. Starting with 10-pound weights, they have increased the load gradually, sometimes to as much as 25 pounds.

continued

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### SCORECARD

OSU Coach Dee Andros feels he needs  
bull-necked players because he likes to  
see a man tackle with his face in a run-  
ner's number, instead of hitting him with  
a shoulder to the midsection. One Ore-  
gon State player who has had neck trou-  
ble in the past says that in the two months  
he has been wearing the helmet his neck  
has gained an inch in circumference.  
Whether it has lost anything in length,  
he doesn't know.

### JUGGED

Several years ago Harold (Jug) McSp-  
den decided to build what he hoped  
would be the most difficult golf course  
in the country among the cornfields and  
dairy farms of eastern Kansas. The  
course, named Dub's Dread, was fin-  
ished two years ago, and McSpden im-  
mediately began scheming to set up a  
match in which he and Byron Nelson,  
the golden boys of the pro tour in the  
'40s, would play those solid gold golf-  
ers of today, Arnold Palmer and Jack  
Nicklaus.

The terms of the match, as devised  
by McSpden, called for himself and Nel-  
son to get a yard a hole for each year's  
difference in the combined ages of the  
two teams. McSpden has this theory  
that an older player is no less skillful  
than a younger one but merely lacks  
his strength. Since McSpden is 60, Nel-  
son 36, Palmer 37 and Nicklaus 28, the  
McSpden-Nelson team should tee off  
51 yards nearer the green on each hole.

This novel method of handicapping was  
possible because of the immense toes of  
Dub's Dread. The course can be ex-  
tended to 8,101 yards. In the match,  
which was finally held the other day,  
Palmer and Nicklaus played the course  
at a preposterous 7,793 yards and Mc-  
Spden and Nelson (receiving a 50-yard  
advantage to make the distance easier  
to calculate) at 6,893. The handicapping  
produced a remarkably even match, Nel-  
son, Palmer and Nicklaus shooting one-  
under-par 71s while McSpden, tiring a  
bit toward the end, the match took 3½  
hours, had a 74. On a best-ball basis,  
Palmer and Nicklaus won 1 tip.

"Our scores might not sound sensa-  
tionally impressive," Nicklaus said, "but  
the course we played today should have  
been a 76 to 78 par. The most difficult  
course on the tour, Firestone Country  
Club in Akron, is like a pitch and putt  
course in comparison." When Nicklaus  
saw the 47½-yard 10th he said, "This

looks like a driver and a flip—a one-  
iron flip," and when he was told the dis-  
tance on the 12th hole was 557 yards,  
Jack cracked, "Oh, a par 4." At the 268-  
yard par-3 16th—250 of these yards are  
over water—Palmer muttered, "You  
dumb knucklehead. How did you get  
yourself into something like this?" Both  
he and Nicklaus managed to par the  
hole and Arnold birdied the 374-yard  
17th to win the match. He hit a 280-  
yard drive, followed by a 254-yard three-  
wood and a short wedge that put him  
within seven feet of the hole. He sank  
the putt.

Dub's Dread is right. Pro's dread, too.

### A MATTER OF PRIDE

At the suggestion of a Negro under-  
graduate student—and with the strong  
backing of its new basketball coach, Jim  
Padgett—the University of California is  
sponsoring a 10-week, \$40,000 summer-  
time community athletic program in  
Berkeley, Richmond and Oakland. The  
instructors are black members of Cal's  
football, basketball and track teams,  
some of them bitter and caustic critics  
of the school just seven months ago (SI,  
Feb. 12). Among the athletes are bas-  
ketball star Bob Presley, long jumper  
Stan Royster and football players Je-  
rome Champion, Paul and Johnnie Wil-  
liams, Irby Augustine and Clyde Flow-  
ers. Wearing blue jerseys with California  
printed in gold across their chests, they  
conduct clinics and physical education  
classes for children from 6 to 14 at vari-  
ous city playgrounds. They are paid \$2.91  
an hour and high school athletes who  
assist them get \$2.50 an hour, but much  
more is involved than money.

Bob Johnson, the student who thought  
up the program and has been supervising  
it, says, "Our main accomplishment is  
that we have proved to young minority  
people that the University of California  
is an institution to be respected."

The outspoken Presley, proud of his  
hot-summer work, says, "I feel now that  
I am a Cal man, in the sense of be-  
longing. The university has shown that  
it respects me as a human, and I re-  
spect the university. It's a trade, and a  
fair one, I think."

### WATCH THOSE CARP

Twenty thousand Japanese carp have  
been flown into Mexico to keep the  
Olympic rowing course at Xochimilco  
clear of moss. It seems a fine symbol of

international cooperation, and one hesitates to carp, so to speak, but certain ecological apprehensions do arise.

The course is a 2,200-meter canal built especially for the Olympics. Initially it was filled with pure blue water, but so much moss has grown in it that Olympic officials began to have visions of an inland Sargasso Sea. Certain Oriental carp thrive on moss, and three months ago 500 Chinese carp were installed in the canal. The moss kept growing. Then it was learned that Japan breeds in abundance two gluttonous species, the silver carp and the grass carp. At maturity, they are sometimes three feet long, and Japanese farmers get double duty from them. The carp not only keep ponds clear of moss, they can be sliced raw, dipped in soy sauce and eaten. At Mexico's request the Japanese government rounded up 20,000 baby silver and grass carp and jetted them to Mexico City.

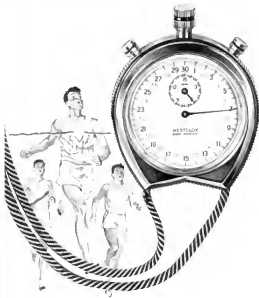
All right. But at a time when Asian or African walking catfish stalk our land, and all sorts of purposely or accidentally imported flora and fauna have been overflourishing, eating the wrong things and attracting worse things than they were brought in to eat, we can only hope the Mexicans have thought this thing through. Suppose, for example, those voracious carp get into the famed floating gardens of Xochimilco. There is no danger, claims an Olympic official. The rowing course doesn't connect with the gardens. But suppose the carp, with the run of the course, become more of an obstruction than the moss. Well, although Mexican navy guards watch over the carp at present, enforcing the "no fishing" signs, the official says, "maybe one day when these carp multiply after the Olympics, fishing will be allowed."

It sounds a little too easy. But if it doesn't work the Mexican government can always fly in 20,000 Japanese farmers and plenty of soy sauce.



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#### THEY SAID IT

• Frank Ryan, Cleveland quarterback: "I owe my recovery from two ankle injuries last year to the suggestion of a lady fan. She prescribed a daily eight-ounce cocktail—one part sherry, one part honey and half vinegar. I got better just thinking about it."

• Detroit Catcher Bill Freehan, who has been hit 20 times by pitched balls this season: "They ought to stop it before somebody gets hurt."

**END**

# BY ANY OTHER NAME...

*...an exhibition game is still an exhibition game, even if Commissioner Pete Rozelle calls it something else and even if the teams involved happen to be the Green Bay Packers and the Dallas Cowboys* **by TEX MAULE**

The Green Bay Packers, chafed a bit from an unaccustomed two straight defeats, roused themselves from an understandable lethargy to put the upstart Dallas Cowboys in their place in the Cotton Bowl last Saturday night, 31-27. It was a cheering victory for quiet Phil Bengtson, who drives the Packers with an obviously looser rein than did Vincent Lombardi, and it served notice to the experts who had begun to write off the Packers that there has been little change in the club.

The two teams which met on this humid August evening bore only a slight resemblance to the clubs that will meet again in the Cotton Bowl in October and possibly a third time for the NFL championship. The Packers may win in October, and once more in December, but they will beat a different Cowboy team and will field a different club while doing it. For this was what Commissioner Pete Rozelle prefers to call a pre-season game and what, in franker days, was called an exhibition game. It provided a good excuse for some 72,000 Dallas fans to get out of their houses and into the open air on a hot night and it was entertaining and exciting, but as a measure of the relative strengths of these clubs it was all but meaningless.

The fans, to be sure, did not come in expectation of seeing a replay of the classic championship contests these teams have put on in the last two years. It was made abundantly clear in the pre-

game publicity that Jerry Rhyme, Dallas' third-string quarterback, would play all of the second half or share it with Craig Morton, the Dallas No. 2. Dallas fans over the years have learned to expect Tom Landry to experiment with his forces in the preseason games, and that is precisely what he did. So did Bengtson, who used Bart Starr for the first quarter, then gave Zeke Bratkowski an opportunity to sharpen himself for the season to come. The game was entertainment and it had moments of real excitement—as when Travis Williams broke off the right side of the substitute Dallas line and fled 75 yards for a touchdown, and again late in the game when Pete Gent outjumped a couple of Green Bay defenders to score for the Cowboys. But the two varsities appeared only for about a quarter apiece. The Green Bay starters beat the Dallas starters 7-0 before the testing program for rookies and substitutes began.

There is, of course, nothing wrong with this, and it is unlikely that any of the fans in the Cotton Bowl felt cheated—nor should they have. But it is a bit ridiculous when the league insists on calling these contests preseason games to give them a surface importance not justified by the facts.

Like most exhibition games, this one proved only what the coach or owner wanted it to prove. The games played before the regular season starts were once honestly called exhibitions and played

as laboratory exercises to determine which combination of ingredients would be the most effective once the teams began to play for keeps. Now, because of the tremendous increase in costs for all pro football clubs, these games have come to mean necessary added income. Already this year preseason games have drawn 1.6 million, and attendance seems certain to surpass last year's record of 2,001,547. For some teams victory in these games has also become important.

In 1967, for instance, New Orleans, one of the two or three worst football teams in the NFL and playing in its first season, managed to win five of its six preseason games because Tom Fears, the head coach, had been instructed to do so. He brought the club into camp at San Diego a week early, worked his players mercilessly and met the more relaxed, less intense older teams with personnel that had reached midseason form in early August. Fears knew very well that his club would run out of gas early, but by the time it began to falter New Orleans fans had taken their heroes to their hearts and the franchise was off and winging.

*continued*

*Packers Coach Phil Bengtson, for one, treated the game as a true exhibition, giving equal time to starters like Donny Anderson (44) and proven substitutes such as Zeke Bratkowski (12) and breakaway runner Travis Williams.*







This year the Saints are going through what is in effect an apocalyptic reappraisal. The old men with a season or two left in their aging muscles will begin to slide quickly downhill, and the young ones, who should have been given a decent interval in which to acclimatize themselves to the rigors of the pro football climate, will not be able to handle their responsibilities.

Watching the Saints during the exhibition season in 1967, the unsophisticated observer might have felt that this was a phenomenal young team with a real chance of placing high in its division. Nothing, of course, could have been farther from the truth. It was a typical expansion team, capable of winning two or three games on Sundays on which it caught a weak team minus key players due to injury and unimpressed to the point of somnolence. The Saints won three "for keeps" games last year. If they win that many this season Fears will have performed a minor miracle. They came to camp a week later than in 1967 and they have not mounted an all-out campaign to win exhibitions so they will be better conditioned for the regular season. They will have settled into the pattern of weak clubs moving up with the help of rookies.

This is another reason why exhibition games are not a valid yardstick by which to measure true competence. The set teams—Green Bay and Dallas, for example—must seriously look at only two or three rookies a year. The young teams with hordes of eager rookies must, on the other hand, examine them carefully, hoping to avoid the grievous mistake the Pittsburgh Steelers made 13 years ago when they let John Unstut go in order to keep Ted Marchbroda. Thus, of course, is an extreme example, but mistakes of the same kind on a lesser order can slow the development of a club by years.

Teams like the Saints, the Minnesota Vikings or the Cincinnati Bengals cannot be evaluated until they have advanced three or four games into the regular season and are playing with units

that have had a reasonable time in which to learn each other's first names. During the exhibition season they may test two or three players at nearly every position; they may lose by horrendous scores while Paul Brown, say, scans the capabilities of a free agent from Saspenco Tech. They may lose by almost as horrendous scores during the season when the Saspenco Tech star has been replaced by a late reject from the San Diego Chargers, but it will no longer be because Paul, or whoever the coach might be, is forced into playing inferior personnel simply to discover if it is inferior.

Thus, of course, is the true value of exhibitions to the clubs. The money should be a secondary consideration. The games should be used as they once were, to winnow the wheat from the chaff and to prepare for the serious business ahead. In this context the games are well worth watching, and equally well worth the ticket prices charged for them. When you add to this the fact that many of them are played for worthwhile charities, it becomes obvious that no other rationale is needed.

The problem with two teams like the Packers and the Cowboys is almost the precise opposite of the one confronting the have-nots. This is especially true of a veteran team such as Green Bay, a team which has in the last three years achieved every glory available in pro football and in the process earned an extra \$60,000 or \$70,000 per player. Successful pro clubs are, for the most part, veteran pro clubs. Many of the players have advanced to the middle age of their careers and if they want to be strong on those days when they get the highest profit per play—the regular season—they must husband their energies now.

Green Bay, coming into this game, had lost two games in a row, to the New York Giants and the Chicago Bears. The Packers had borne only a rather remote resemblance to the club that had demolished Los Angeles in the conference playoff, squeezed by Dallas in the NFL championship game and humiliated Oakland in the Super Bowl. The personnel was the same, but the motivation was much less. For a team that has played a game for \$15,000 per player, an exhibition game in which the individual reward is paid out in dimes and quarters is hard to get up for.

Before this game in Dallas the Packers sat in the welcome cool of the air-conditioned lobby of the Executive Inn and studied the pleasing contours of Dallas girls while they contemplated the chore of playing the Cowboys in the 90° heat of the Cotton Bowl. They approached the game with something less than total enthusiasm.

"We got to win this one and we'll give it all we can," one veteran said. "We don't want to get in the habit of losing. But I've been around a long time and I'm over 30 and I know how long the season is, I'll be trying tonight, but I know I've got to save something for the season. This game doesn't move me a step closer to that \$25,000 you get for winning the championship and the Super Bowl. It just makes sense to make sure you're ready for the games that count."

Henry Jordan, the All-Pro defensive tackle who had missed two games with a bad back suffered in the All-Star Game, sprawled on a couch. "The only way it doesn't hurt is when I lie flat on my back with my legs up in the air," he said. "And you can't play much tackle in this league in that position. But I got to test it tonight. I got to play to find out if I can."

He played, and played very well, sore back and all. He played probably more minutes than most of the Green Bay veterans because he needed the work after missing two games and because he had to give the back a thorough test.

He passed the test and so did the Packers as a whole. They used the game to rediscover their mastery of Dallas, then to season the younger players and determine how much value their rookies might be to them later. Not many of the rookies will be on the roster when the season starts, nor will many of the Dallas rookies be around when the Cowboys start playing for real.

Meanwhile, it was fun watching them. With clubs plentifully sprinkled with youngsters, the Packers and Cowboys played with considerable abandon, made mistakes and came up with wild plays. All of these factors helped Dallas make a game of it in the closing minutes with two long touchdowns.

It was entertaining—but it was not the equivalent of a league game. It was only an exhibition, no matter what the commissioner cares to call it.

END

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER BOOTS JR.

Although touchdowns like Danny Anderson's were far from the heat was fearful, 73,800 fans left their air-conditioned homes to watch.

# DANCER MAKES IT ONE FOR NINE

*As he drove what may be the finest trotter of all time on Du Quoin's rustic mile, Stanley Dancer mulled the fact that The Hambletonian always had eluded him. At the finish those sad thoughts were gone forever.* **by PAT PUTNAM**

They weren't much, just a couple of old tractors crawling around the track, driven by a couple of guys named Andy Huntley and Lee Cash, and they had been finishing an unnoticed one-two all Sunday afternoon. Then Nevele Pride, warming up, bore down on them, the prettiest legs in Du Quoin, Ill., flashing a rich black in the warm afternoon sun, Stanley Dancer chirping in the sulky. And "Damn it, Pride, turn! Turn, baby, turn!" An instant before disaster the super colt swerved to the right, missing the front-running tractor by less than a foot. That was as close as Stanley and Pride were to come to losing this Hambletonian. "Close," said Del Miller, who had Keystone Spartan, and he was laughing. "After the way Nevele Pride won that first heat I knew there was nothing left but a heck of a fight for second place."

This was the big one that had eluded Dancer in eight previous tries, and he wasted no time showing everyone that this one was his, breezing straight heats, wire-to-wire. After the first turn of the first heat his only worry was how to get Nevele Pride out of the winner's circle before he killed somebody.

For the first heat Dancer had the far-outside post, but somehow he had the Pride of Nevele Acres and Louis Resnick streaking along in the seven hole before they ever got away from the gate. "Well," Dancer said later, "I saw some of them weren't leaving too quick, and I figured, what the heck, there was no sense in fooling around. I just fired him up." Dancer had his big 3-year-old colt so fired up that Nevele Pride's nose was sticking through the gate as they flashed past the starting line. Cutting quickly

into the rail, Pride was on top going into the first turn. He trotted a blistering final quarter of :27½ and won in a comfortable 1:59½ by four lengths. Del Miller finished second, with not even the thinnest of thoughts of challenging Dancer. "He was so far out in front," said Miller, "that I didn't even think about him. I was only worried about Dart Hanover, and he was behind me."

Snow Speed, Ralph Baldwin's fine colt and the only horse to win a race against Nevele Pride this year, was also the only one given an outside chance of beating Pride, and he lost even that when he broke no more than a few strides past the starting line. He finished last. "He just tried to overrot himself," said Baldwin, shrugging. "You hang them to a peak and when you ask for just a little more that's what happens. But I gave up being disappointed about anything a long time ago. A man who lets himself be disappointed spends half his life that way." Snow Speed broke again in the second heat and finished eighth overall, just ahead of one of the two fillies in the race, Carolyn Sue.

In the second heat there was no challenge at all, not even at the start, and Nevele Pride won as he pleased in 1:59½. At one point he led by as much as 10 lengths, and he won by only 5½ because Dancer didn't want to extend his luck trying for a record. "Shucks," said Dancer, "I wasn't even thinking about a record. This Hambletonian has been escaping me for a long time. That's what I was thinking."

Oh, well, you are saying now—Nevele Pride won, and the sun came up at dawn, and one and one makes two. Hode-hum. And what other little tidbits of

news are going to be dropped on us? That Mary had a little lamb? Or that Lucrera Botiga was a lousy bartender? So what's the big deal? Well, last week, it suddenly didn't seem all that easy, not even for this great power wonder of a colt. Whispers were circulating the barns about the Dancer jinx. After all, wasn't he oh for eight in The Hambletonian? ("I don't know about the eight," said Dancer, "but I sure as heck know about the oh.") And, of course, there was a lot of talk about the year Dancer came in with Noble Victory, who couldn't lose, and who didn't even finish in the money. "I feel sorry for Stanley," said one man who didn't sound sorry, "but I'd have to bet he couldn't win this race in a Ferrari."

Then there was that race two weeks ago in Springfield, Ill., when Pride tangled with Snow Speed and finished seventh in the first heat. That had ended his winning streak at 18. And if that wasn't the old Dancer jinx warming up in the bullpen, then what was it?

"Greatest thing that ever happened to us," said Andy Murphy, Pride's outfitting groom. "What it did was take a lot of pressure off at just the right time. Nobody's going to win every race, not even this horse, and there's nothing like having that loss behind you."

"It was just bad racing luck," said Dancer, taking another view. "Bad luck and Pride's getting mad."

The bad luck came when Dancer and Baldwin, driving Snow Speed, locked wheels in the first turn. They remained locked for more than 90 feet, burning rubber all the way. "I couldn't see what the trouble was, but I sure could smell it," said Del Miller, who was far be-



Breasing along lengths in front as they come off the backstretch into the last turn, Dancer and Nevele Pride are in easy command of the first heat.

hind the pair with Keystone Spartan.

Finally Pride had enough of such nonsense and broke stride angrily, almost bouncing Dancer from his seat. Later Dancer said he wasn't afraid of the fall but of a hot-tempered Pride running free. But the colt's temper cooled, and he came back to win the second heat in a stakes-record-equaling 1:58<sup>3</sup>/<sub>16</sub>.

"If you think that horse is looking to kill somebody after he wins," said the scarred Murphys, "you should see him after he loses. It was 20 minutes before I dared to take the bit out of his mouth."

If the pressures of a Hambletonian were getting to Dancer, he covered it well. He flew to Du Quoin early Thursday morning, and an hour later, whistling and singing, he took Pride on the first of three trips around the mile track.

"Boys, has he got the other drivers psyched out," said a photographer as Dancer flew past, happily bellowing the words of an off-key *Sweet Georgia Brown*. Later, comfortably sloshed in a blue-and-yellow camp chair in front of Pride's fan-cooled stall, Dancer won-

dered if anyone thought he should challenge Frank Sinatra to a singing duel.

"Hell, no," said a friend. "Nevele Pride sounds better when he snorts."

"Just for that," said Dancer, "you can walk all the way over to the grandstand and pull our post position Number One would be nice."

A half hour later the friend returned, reluctantly, and said that if Pride was any farther away from the rail, he'd have to pay for a seat in the grandstand and would Stanley kindly loan him a knife so that he could slash his wrists.

"Number Nine!" said Dancer, hooting and slapping his thigh. "That may be the greatest thing that ever happened to us. And don't worry about it. You can't win any race by pulling pills out of a little bottle." Behind him, Nevele Pride whinnied.

Eddie Wheeler, who lost his ride in The Hambletonian when Kerry Pride injured a leg on Tuesday, came around the corner of the barn, pulled a chair into 85° shade and sat down.

"Hey, Eddie," said Dancer gleefully,

"guess what—Pride got the rail."

Wheeler shook his head. "You are the luckiest."

"Yeah, he got the rail," growled Dr. Edward Churchill, a veterinarian. "The one against the grandstand."

"Now I know you are lucky," said Wheeler. "That's just where you should be, a long way from trouble. And stay out there, way, way out."

"Well, Stanley," said a passing newsman, "are we going to see history made Sunday?"

"If I win," said Dancer, "it has to be history."

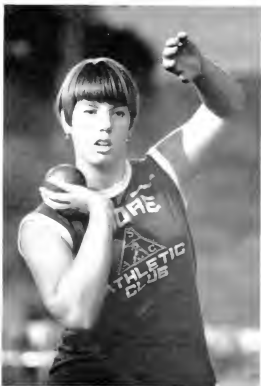
So Stanley Dancer made his history. It took less than four minutes, and when they came up to give him The Hambletonian jacket, he brushed his fingers lightly across the gold emblem over the breast pocket, and he said, "Would you please give it to my wife, Rachel. I think I will wear it tonight. But right now I have another race." And that's the way he celebrated his historic victory in a sulky.

END

# DOLLS ON THE MOVE TO MEXICO

*A throng of young attractive girls raced into Southern California for the women's Olympic track and field trials and after two days of lively effort produced the strongest U.S. women's team ever*

by BOB OTTUM



**T**his pretty special thing happened in a secluded corner of Southern California last weekend and a lot of track nuts are having trouble keeping cool about it. Consider our Olympic problems as good as solved, they are saying. There is really nothing to worry about. Nothing. What happened was that in the Olympic trials last Saturday and Sunday the United States put together the best women's track and field team it has ever had: more mobile, stronger, deeper and faster than anything before.

It was clear right from the start, when all those young hopefuls began gathering at Cal Poly in Pomona, that something unusual was about to take place. There was a youthful touch of femininity in the air, perhaps a faint breath of hairspray, a mysterious new something nobody could quite define but which one coach called "a great influx of pretty young things coming into the sport." When it was all over late Sunday night one thing seemed clear: even if they do not win a Sierra Madre lode of medals in Mexico, as everyone expects, these pussycats are ready to call the future theirs. The kids are coming on.

Consider, for example, Maren (repeat Maren) Seidler, a large, cheerful 17-year-old shotputter who wears a sort of run-away Mia Farrow haircut and dangly, ornate silver earrings. She says, "Oh, I know, I know. You say 'shotput' and right away this picture of a giant Tamara Press comes into your mind. I realize you can't be exactly petite in this sport, but you don't have to go the other way either."

*New Jersey's Maren Seidler, 17, earned her second trip to Mexico by winning shotput.*

Or consider Doris Brown, a dainty little thing who runs the 800 meters with a great deal of élan and who can get away with a costume that includes orange sweat socks. "To give you an idea of how good this team is," she says, "this is the first time the United States has ever even qualified anyone for the 800 meters. We have entered girls in the 800—every country is allowed to enter one girl even if she hasn't met the Olympic standard. But this year all three of our girls ran it under the required two minutes and six seconds."

And there are more, a great many more girls who look great in those warm-up suits, almost as though they were modeling them, for heaven sakes, instead of just keeping their muscles warm. Listen to Track Coach Ed Temple, that portly gentleman in the ventilated baseball cap who works a special sort of magic with girls at Tennessee State. Temple is to women's track what Courrèges is to hemlines.

"I think," says Temple, "that we will make a tremendous showing. People are going to find out—they already are finding out—that we can hold our own with anybody."

All this hopeful new thinking crystallized Saturday and Sunday nights in a setting so artfully hidden away from the rest of the world that one might think America was ashamed of its girls. Pomona is out of sight all by itself—it lies somewhere above Los Angeles in air the color of a papaya milkshake. Cal Poly is hard to find, it is one of the new, sort of instant-plastic campuses that are springing up everywhere. And the Olympic trials were a step farther away, in the stadium of Mount San Antonio College, which is the school next door.

The Mount SAC stadium is tucked into a ravine and surrounded by that beige stuff Californians have come to think is what grass should look like. A few spectators wandered in and sat down expectantly. There was a small band in Mexican costume with maracas and a real tuba. Officials wandered about the infield; children ran screaming through

*continued*



Another 17-year-old, Margaret Beiles (top), lost to Barbara Farrell in this 200-meter sprint but won big in the final. Double tepas are to time both 200 meters and 220 yards.

the stands. In this casual setting the girls set about making history.

To be sure, certain top performances were expected. Doris Brown and Madeline Manning, for example, have traded wins in their 800-meter event so many times that they almost have permanent possession, and Mamie Rollins, that tiny-wanted thing who does not look strong enough to handle a hurdle, always does. It was typical: the gun went off and here came Mamie—who had politely waited for the other girls to start first, since Mamie is courteous that way—suddenly moving so fast that she seemed to be taking tippy-toes steps between the

hurdles and passing everybody easily. When it was over, she ran a few dainty steps beyond the finish, stopped and threw her head back in a sort of mad-cap gesture, like Tracy Lord in *The Philadelphia Story*, and looked at the crowd with the faintest suggestion of a shrug. In the 800, Manning and Brown came down the homestretch side by side, like a sister act. The time was 2:03—with Manning first, Brown second, the camera declared—and it was enough to put both of them on the Olympic team, which came as no surprise.

And then the powerhouse look, this vital new something about the team, be-

gin to appear. There in third place came another young thing with a perfect name that might have been invented by 20th Century-Fox—Jarvis Scott. Miss Scott has been anchoring her way toward the top for about a year now, her performance was typical of the shape of teams to come. She came loping home in 2:04.5, well inside the Olympic qualifying mark and a full two seconds faster than she had ever run the event.

"I felt the reaction of the crowd and I tried a bit harder," she said, standing easily in the infield, still neatly coiffed and gesturing with long, slender hands, "but I don't think I used the right technique. Next time I'll do better."

Then it was the 200-meter dash, that crusher in which a girl must forget everything pretty and just plain run, and here came another new 1968 face. Out of nowhere—well, from out of Eugene, Ore.—came Margaret Barles, who is only 17 and still able to get excited about such things as Disneyland ("I went on the Pirates of the Caribbean ride and I just loved Snow White's castle," she said). Margaret came flying through the tape in 23.5, leaving Wyomia Tyus, the 100-meter winner at Tokyo, and Barbara Ferrell, both clocked in 23.7, well behind, though all three were under the Olympic qualifying time of 24 flat.

"Margaret is not sure yet just what she can do," said her coach, Wendy Jerome. The delighted Miss Jerome had just tied the world's record for the standing jump-up-and-down-a-lot. "I don't think she even realizes yet what she has done. It is still coming slowly to her."

"Well," said Margaret, with new-found poise, "a lot of people have been telling me that I should make the Olympics. I finally sort of found myself here."

Meanwhile, off to one side of all that excitement, Shotputter Seidler had changed into her competition earnings ("They're little round silver ones, like little shots, actually," she said) and was beating everybody in sight. She won easily with a toss of 50' 1 3/4". It is not an Olympic qualifying mark: the Olympic standard is 52 feet and the world record is 61 feet, but do not worry about that. Miss Seidler is 17, too, and gaining strength. She also has been in international competition before and



Madeline Manning (left), who won the 800 meters in a photo finish, and Doris Brown, who finished second, were both timed in 2:03 and are joint threats to win medals at Mexico City.



Liमानe-Francoise Kraker finished fourth in 800 meters, missed making the Olympic squad

knows what it is all about. "When I was in Mexico for the Little Olympics last October," she said, "those big women came out and psyched me something terrible. They were all about 10 years older than me and they came around in those huge trench coats and just sort of looked at me. I sat there and trembled. But not anymore. Now I know what I can do, and I'll beat them yet."

And there still were a couple of kids to come. As the meet moved over to Sunday and the sun sank on the oldtimers, one lanky 16-year-old and a 15-year-old sprite—who stands just a little bit higher than a starting block—made the team.

First, Sharon Callahan, who stands, oh, say, 6' 1", won the high jump, clearing 5' 7 3/4", which happens to be the Olympic standard for big girls. She will be joined on the team by Eleanor Montgomery and Estelle Baskerville, who bettered the qualifying mark earlier.

Along came the 400-meter finals. Jarvis Scott beat everybody, with Lois Drinkwater close behind. Then scurrying along with them, only 3 second farther back, came this little critter, Esther Saroy. Clocking a qualifying 54.3, she became a mini-Olympian and one of the fastest 15-year-olds anywhere.

Of course, everyone wasn't 15. Olga Connolly, 12 years after her discus gold medal in Melbourne, was the only qualifier in the discus, and Barbara Friedrich was all alone in the javelin. On Saturday, Martha Watson and Willye White had leaped 21' 3/4" and 21' flat, respectively, in the long jump, which should make the kids and the rest of the world sit up and pay attention. And there was a final moment of triumph for Wyoming Tyus. In the 100-meter final she lined up at the start, loosening up and humming to herself. Was she worried about Bates, that new flash? "I never think about anybody," she said. "I let them think about me."

That's the Olympic stuff, Wyoming. She hurtled away from the field, led Margaret Bailes all the way and, for an extra little touch, finished with a spectacular belly flop right across the line. "I leaned like I always do, and I couldn't get my balance back," she said. No matter, she can work on that in Mexico.

When it was all over, it was clear that something wonderful was happening to women's track and field in the U.S. Anyone not familiar with the sport had to be surprised by this sudden burst of achievement, but those special fans nuts, they call themselves—who follow the game closely had seen it coming all along. Like, say, Calvin L. Brown, whose business card identifies him as a "track nut and announcer."

Brown flopped down on a couch in the reception room of the girls' dorm, breathed deeply of the perfumed air and observed: "This year for the first time our youth programs is finally paying off. Most of the girls here are still in their teens. They are getting younger now, like they are in swimming. The girls are finding that there can be a certain air of glamour in all this. For one thing, running does great things for the legs. It makes them shapelier."

Whatever the magic was, it was working. Bill Peck, a track statistician, also feels that the trick is in starting them early. "If you get them running early," he said, "the girls can see that they are going to get a lot of attention, and they get to meet a lot of boys that way—not just one or two, like they might otherwise. And the boys get to see them."

Brooks Johnson, former sprinter turned coach, agreed. "At the nationals two years ago 300 entries was an unheard-of record. This year there were 500 girls. Quite frankly, a lot of these new girls are spin-offs from swimming, where the competition is a lot tougher."

"I don't think the track girls go through as much muscular activity as swimmers," said Coach Temple. "Look at the swimmers. Shoot, some of them look like weight lifters. Our girls are definitely more feminine." There it was: track can be heartful.

"Being a girl and an athlete goes hand in hand," said Mamee Rallins, turning up in hip-hugging gold corduroy bell-bottom pants. High Jumper Estelle Baskerville, in crisp white cotton, summed it all up. "At school," she said, "we will occasionally meet a boy who will say, 'Oh, you're an athlete. Funny, you don't look like an athlete.' Well, what's an athlete supposed to look like?"

Don't worry. Now we know. **END**

# THE REVOLT OF THE TOURING PROS

*The battle between golfers who play for big money and the rest of the PGA comes down to this: Which group should rule the tour?*

by MARK MULVOY



Max Elbin, head of the PGA, made a special visit to Arnold Palmer

The dispute between the PGA and the rebellious touring golf professionals, who have holted the parent PGA and formed their own corporation, American Professional Golfers, Inc., has come down to one point. The players want "full and complete authority" to conduct and manage the \$5.6 million PGA tour. In other words, they want the PGA to abolish its constitutional right (its own constitution, that is) to veto decisions made by the Tournament Committee. However, the PGA absolutely refuses to yield this veto power, which it has used only once in 52 years. So now, unless one side suddenly concedes, it appears there will be two golf tours next year: the APG tour, with all those familiar faces you see on television every weekend, and the PGA tour, with all the club pros from Happy Valley and Crestwood and Pine Meadow, or wherever else they may be.

This, of course, is the extreme result. Some less injurious resolution of the dilemma is still possible. Last week Max Elbin, the president of the 6,000-member PGA, presented his case to many of the 225 touring pros at a meeting before the Philadelphia Classic, and later he flew to Latrobe, Pa. for a five-hour huddle with Arnold Palmer. "Arnold and I both agreed that a split would not be advantageous to anyone," Elbin said.

Palmer, who is more of a traditionalist than many of his younger playing associates, has not yet stated his feelings

about the split. In fact, he has not officially committed himself to the APG. Palmer has a multimillion dollar golf-club-manufacturing business, and his prime selling outlets are the pro shops run by the members of the PGA. If Palmer does split with the PGA, he could have trouble trying to sell his golf clubs through the pro shops, so he has a financial stake in what happens. But foremost in his mind is the future of pro golf itself, and that is why this has been a week of phone calls and meetings in Latrobe, and why the conservative Palmer refuses to make a quick decision.

"I feel," said Elbin, "that Arnold eventually will act in the best interests of all golf." And when Arnold does act, the rest of the touring pros probably will go with him.

All this interoffice squabbling began almost two years ago when the PGA's Executive Committee used its veto power for the first and only time to refuse the players' desire to schedule a \$200,000 tournament sponsored by Frank Sinatra at the Canyon Country Club in Palm Springs, Calif. The Sinatra tournament would have been played within a few weeks of the established Bob Hope Desert Classic in Palm Springs. The Tournament Committee, which at that time consisted of four players and three officials of the PGA (now there are four of each), had voted 4-3 to hold the Sinatra tournament.

The Executive Committee, which is

composed of three PGA officers and the chairman of the Tournament Committee (then Dan Sikes), vetoed that vote 3-1. The PGA contended Palm Springs could not support two major tournaments in one month and said that Bob Hope, in fact, had advised them he could not afford to hold his tournament if a second event were given to Palm Springs. The players clearly could not understand how the PGA could veto a \$200,000 tournament, whether it was played in Palm Springs or on an aircraft carrier.

It is easy to understand the philosophy of these 225 touring professionals who make up less than 4% of the PGA's total membership. They are entrepreneurs who can win \$50,000 one week, as Julius Boros did a fortnight ago, and then miss the cut and win nothing the next, as Boros did last week. On the other hand, the club professionals really are small businessmen who run a pro shop, sell merchandise and give lessons to club members with 30 handicaps. Most of them never have played for more than a \$50 Nassau.

"It comes down to this," one touring pro said last week, "We run all the risks, so why should we have a bunch of armchair club pros telling us we can't play a \$200,000 golf tournament? It's all a matter of common sense." Denied the \$200,000 Sinatra tournament, the touring pros immediately began to campaign for removal of the PGA's veto authority. They even threatened to boycott the





*Gardner Dickinson says the veto power gives PGA too much control.*



*Attorney Sam Gates drafted an amendment to the PGA constitution.*

1967 PGA championship in Denver unless the Executive Committee agreed to concede seven points to them. The PGA ultimately conceded six of them but retained the veto. The touring pros played at Denver anyway.

The veto issue continued to simmer and reached the scalding point early this year when the PGA decided to use a new entry form for all its tournaments. The PGA now admits this entry form was too strong (it virtually committed the pros to do only what the PGA would let them do). However, the players' Tournament Committee, headed by Gardner Dickinson, immediately sought legal counsel and retained Samuel Gates, a senior partner in a New York law firm that occupies six floors of a Park Avenue skyscraper. Gates read the entry form and told the touring pros they should never sign it. When, indeed, they did not sign it, the PGA retreated and substituted the old, acceptable entry form in its place. Then the PGA retained William Rogers, a Washington lawyer, to discuss the veto issue with Gates and hopefully work out a settlement.

"We phoned and met a great number of times," Gates said the other day. "From the outset, I told him the PGA could simply not have final say on matters regarding the touring pros. We talked it out, and there was never any acrimony between us."

Both Gates and Rogers agreed that the idea of a separate section for the tour-

ing pros in the organizational structure of the PGA might indeed be a solution. The agreement ended right there, however. Gates drafted a resolution to amend the PGA constitution, and part of the first section read: "Resolved to establish a Tournament Players Section of the PGA, which shall have full and complete authority over the conduct and management of the PGA Tournament Programs." This proposal was presented to the Tournament Committee in Akron, Ohio three weeks ago. "The players now wanted to be completely autonomous from the rest of the PGA," said Elbin. "This was completely unacceptable to the four officers on the Tournament Committee. Bill Rogers had agreed to the submission of a separate-section resolution, but he never agreed to the substance of their resolution."

A week later Gates flew to Washington where Elbin handed him a list of eight points that offered a solution to the problem. Gates never got past point 2, a proposal to name an advisory committee to decide all voting deadlocks. Trouble was, it still gave the PGA the deciding vote. Gates rejected it. Elbin was equally adamant: "The notion of a PGA tour in which the PGA has no voice is an impossibility," he said.

Rejected once again in their efforts to gain independence from the parent organization, the pros decided to bolt and form their own American Professional Golfers, Inc. "We are not trying

to destroy the PGA," said Dickinson, the president of the new APG, "and I don't intend to resign from the PGA. The word 'control' has bad connotations to me, and they are trying to control us with their veto power. And that can't happen. We can't let it happen."

The members of the APG still are playing in the PGA sponsored tournaments, and they will continue to play until the PGA submits a new tournament entry form—possibly at the Kemper Open in Sutton, Mass. the middle of September. What will happen then?

"Well, the PGA's contracts say they must make their best efforts to provide a representative field," said Sam Gates. "Now what'll some sponsor say when Jack Nicklaus appears on the first tee with his clubs and shoes and caddy—ready to play and the PGA says he can't play because he has not signed the new entry form. What do you think the sponsors will do? If you can sell a tour with Elbin and the club pros as the stars, let's add Gates (the lawyer is a 22-handicapper) to the field, too."

"The players will not boycott any tournament, because that would not be in the best interests of the game and of the public. The players will play, don't worry, but they won't sign the new entry form. Will the public come out? This is where the dancing girls are, isn't it?"

Right now, yes. When Arnold Palmer speaks, though, the dancing girls may be right back with the PGA. **END**



## HAWK BABY IS BIG IN BOSTON

Ken Harrelson, who encourages the notion that he resembles a certain bird, is swingingly saving a sad

Red Sox year

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

No one can remember exactly when the first of the banners appeared in the right-field bleachers at Fenway Park in Boston reading *HAWK-IT TO 'EM SOX!*, and even The Hawk himself, Ken Harrelson, the boulevardier of the American League (see cover), is not quite sure whether it was early or late in May that the encouraging cheers began pouring out of those same bleachers. "Hawk Baby, we love you!" On the breast pocket of his tailored shirts and the flaps of his spiked shoes the word is spelled out, *HAWK*, and pasted to the front of the equipment box above his locker is a picture of a menacing hawk staring down, seemingly getting a bird's-eye view of the one man in the major leagues to have driven home more than 100 runs in this Year of the Zero. Suddenly, because he dresses, performs and speaks in a fashion that makes large and sometimes-distracting circles on baseball's normally placid waters, Ken Harrelson has become as fine and improbable a hero as the major leagues have produced in several seasons.

Until this year Harrelson had drifted and scuffled through five unimpressive seasons, averaging fewer than 50 runs batted in each year while developing a reputation as the game's best arm wrestler, pool shooter and golfer as well as being a man who played defense with all the finesse and surety of Venus de Milo. In those endless past seasons with such stirring teams as the Washington Senators and the Kansas City Athletics, Harrelson, some people maintained, was in such a hurry to leave the ball park that along about the sixth inning they

could see his fingers begin to creep toward the top button of his uniform blouse. Others, however, saw within him the potential to produce runs should he ever find himself, by some quirk of fate, playing for a team that could put men on base in front of him.

This year there probably will be fewer than five men in the majors who bat in 100 runs or more. Back in 1950, when hitting was a vital part of baseball, there were 22 men with over 100 RBIs. Harrelson also stands second in the American League to Frank Howard in homers with 32 and is seventh in hitting at 280. In Boston, 1968 has become Hawk's Year. Harrelson treasures every moment of it, because he is one of the few men in history ever to beat the establishment and beat it good. Within the tiny, often blind little world of baseball he not only managed to become his own agent and sign with a pennant-bound team on his own terms—but he also caused heads to spin because he insisted on dressing in a way that was not even vaguely suggestive of Connie Mack.

While franchises shift, expansion plans get muddled up and an infield fly in some cities is enough to touch off a major celebration, baseball is frantically trying to figure out what its young men should be allowed to wear in order to keep the image of the game within the framework of the 1890s. Gil Hodges, the manager of the New York Mets, has come out openly against love beads, perhaps on the theory that his players would be better off with rosary beads. Eddie Stanky, the deposed manager of the Chicago White Sox, used to get a

red neck whenever he saw one of his heroes in a turtleneck. By contrast, Red Schoendienst, the manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, is refreshingly modern on the subject of dress. He merely sits back, laughs and admires some of the splendid concoctions worn by Bob Gibson, Steve Carlton and Catcher Tim Lincecum. He is with it enough to say, "Times sure have changed, they sure have." Boston Manager Dick Williams, a man who many believe likes nothing better than to win and have his players eat Red Heart, has taken a firm position on Harrelson's dress. "I don't care what The Hawk wears as long as he keeps hitting." Since both managers won pennants last year—that should—hut, of course, will not be the end of it with dudes like Harrelson.

Harrelson is indeed a swinging dresser, as well as a good theatrical performer, who, unlike most players today, does not sit around discussing the overwhelming advantages of the pension plan. During afternoon games he dabs crescents of shoe polish under his eyes to help cut the glare of the sun, and he tapes his wrists severely so that when he gets to the plate he presents a menacing appearance to the opposing pitcher. More and more throughout the American League he is being confronted with the Harrelson Shift, a defense that puts the second baseman to the left side of the bag, leaving only the first baseman on the right side of the infield. Sometimes he hits over or through the shift or drives an outside pitch to the opposite field and then wheels around the bases as the rightfielder tries to chase the ball

down. When stationed in right field himself he makes all catches with one hand, bringing gasps and oohs from the crowds and heart palpitations to Manager Williams. To some people Ken Harrelson, age 27 and the father of three, is a piston, a baseball player drawn from the minds of Ring Lardner and Tom Wolfe. And, like any player different from all the stereotypes of bland performers, he is referred to as a "hot dog." All he says is, "I play the way I play, and the guy I myself would pay to see play is Pete Rose of Cincinnati—little 'Charlie Hustle.' A lot of dumb people still say that Pete puts it on a hit himself."

Without Harrelson, Boston's "impossible dream" of 1967 would have turned into the "unbearable sorrow" of 1968. At the end of last week, despite a series of setbacks that struck the team long before the start of the season and has continued right through it, the Red Sox were in fourth place. They have done this without Tony Conigliaro, until he was injured last season one of the best young hitters in baseball, Jim Lonborg, the 22-game winner of 1967 who has been slow to recover from torn knee ligaments, and Jose Santiago, the team's second-best pitcher, who went on the disabled list with tendonitis. The pitching staff that is left has shown marked ability at turning close games into batting-practice sessions. Almost as distressing has been the performance of George (Great) Scott. The fine young first baseman, who last year hit .303 with 263 total bases, has virtually become George (Dread) Scott, with a batting average that has hovered around .180. Scott means that Manager Williams has given up on him.

There are few franchises in professional sport that are as sound as Boston's and not many fans anywhere who feel as deeply toward their club as those of New England. At Fenway Park, where capacity is 33,524, the second smallest in baseball, the Red Sox will draw 1,600,000 spectators this season. Last year attendance was 1,727,832. Only in 1965, when the club lost 100 games, including 17 of 18 meetings with the champion Minnesota Twins, did the good people of Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine and as far south as Hartford, Conn. become disenchanted. The Sox' wealthy owner of 35 years, Tom Yawkey, was not so much financially embarrassed by his

continued



team as he was ashamed of its record. The country-club atmosphere quickly changed in 1967 with the arrival of Manager Williams, and suddenly the New England summer became alive again. Busloads of children came from summer camps, and the stands filled with fathers who had not seen the Sox win in 21 years and sons who had found a set of players for not just one season but for many to come. In 1967 Carl Yastrzemski had a year that not even Walter Mitty would dare dream of. A fine rookie center-fielder named Reggie Smith was also developing as was a gritty young second baseman named Mike Andrews.

Realistically, nobody could believe that Yaz would be able to repeat his daily miracles in 1968, and he has not. The American League opposition decided to either walk Yastrzemski or to pitch to him in such a way that he would be unable to pull the ball. When he arrived at spring training this year Yastrzemski seemed drawn and tired from a winter of banquets and personal appearances, and his frustration began during the exhibition schedules as pitchers began to work around him. He got off to a fine start, however, and although the Sox at one point slipped to ninth place in the standings and Yaz was worked over constantly with pitches close to his head, he reached the first week of June with a batting average of .351. From that point on, though, he showed the effects of being tired, and his average dropped to a low of .272.

When Harrelson went to spring training last March it was doubted that he would get to Fenway Park in a Boston uniform for the 1968 season. He had been awful in the World Series, fighting off balls that were hit to him in right field as though they were going to eat him. At bat, only Orlando Cepeda of the Cards was a bigger disappointment. "I knew the Red Sox were trying to trade me," he says candidly, "and I thought for certain that I would end up with either Detroit or the Yankees, because each of them looked like they needed a right-handed power hitter to pinch-hit or play in spots."

The Red Sox had hoped that Comblaro, who had collected 104 homers and 294 runs batted in by the age of 22, would be fully recovered, and they kept playing him while ignoring Harrelson. In the regular games against A squads

in Florida he got to bat only 20 times, and only once was he allowed to bat as many as three times in one game. Manager Williams stuck Harrelson on "the dawn patrols," the teams that play those B games that draw little attention. Harrelson, however, hit well and says, "I worked harder than I ever had, threw batting practice and ran in the outfield. I knew that I was good enough to play somewhere and when the time came The Hawk was going to be ready."

The Hawk had joined Boston late last August after one of the strangest interludes in the history of the game. Although baseball is famous for feuds and stubbornness, Harrelson became one of the few men to profit from them when Charlie Finley, the owner of the Oakland (né Kansas City) Athletics, released him outright. Having heard about a ruckus on an airplane involving the A's, Finley became convinced that Manager Alvin Dark had lost control of the team. He fired Dark, almost rehired him and finally fired him for good.

The reaction of the players was violent, and this made Finley furious, particularly when Harrelson was quoted as saying that Finley was a menace to baseball. Harrelson admitted to Finley that he had been critical of him, but said that he had not called him a menace to baseball. Finley told Harrelson to draft a denial. While Harrelson sat thinking about what he would say, Finley called back to say that Harrelson had been given his unconditional release.

"At first," says Harrelson, "I could not believe it. Then I called the commissioner's office in New York and confirmed it." The unconditional release meant that Harrelson could sell himself to the highest bidder, and soon the bids began coming. "I was afraid," says The Hawk, "that Finley might have blackballed me with the other owners. I was sure that if he hadn't some teams would come after me because in my own mind I felt that I was hitting the ball harder than anybody in baseball outside of Yastrzemski."

Interior scouts, those nomads of the game who wander from city to city assessing players on other teams for possible later trades, had been impressed with Harrelson's hitting almost as much as Harrelson was himself. At the end of the first week of July 1967 Harrelson was down among the dregs of the league

But during the next five weeks he averaged nearly a run batted in a game, and this for a team that celebrated wild two-run sprays late into the night. Harrelson batted .336 during that period.

Seven teams—Boston, Detroit, the Chicago White Sox, Minnesota, the New York Yankees, Baltimore and the Atlanta Braves—approached Harrelson, who had none other than Alvin Dark to advise him. Harrelson accepted the Red Sox offer. He is believed to have received a bonus of \$50,000 to \$75,000 and a three-year contract.

The final irony of the Harrelson affair is that Finley's A's have now risen to fifth place. It is interesting to speculate where they might be with Harrelson. While the A's have lost 23 games by a run this year, Harrelson has produced 12 game-winning hits for Boston. Against Oakland he is batting .413. "I love to hit against that team," he says, "because I know Charlie is somewhere listening."

Two of Harrelson's diversions are sketching clothes and golf courses. "When Betty Ann, my wife, and I are driving along the highway," he says, "I think up courses and plan them in my own mind. On my courses it is often 350 yards from the tees to the fairway, so you gotta be able to hit the ball." Harrelson has shot a 65 and three times has won the Baseball Player's Golf Tournament in Miami, the first time in 1965, even though he had left his own clubs on his front porch in Savannah, Ga.

Harrelson has been extraordinarily gifted at playing games—any games—almost all his life. He was born in Woodruff, S.C., but his family later moved to Savannah, where he was best known as a basketball player and golfer in his younger days. Occasionally he fought in amateur boxing bouts but says, "There were only three of them and I won two. The other one, forget it. All I saw was the ceiling." He was offered a basketball scholarship at the University of Georgia and local people were interested in backing him in the pro golf tour. When he said he might like that he was classified by the U.S. Golf Association as a nonamateur and is thus ineligible to play in amateur tournaments. "I wrote to Joe Dey at Golf House in New York to get him to reclassify me as an amateur, but I have never gotten an answer."

*continued*



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Married at 17, he decided to ignore basketball and golf and instead accepted a \$30,000 bonus from the A's in 1959 to play baseball. He soon began gathering what he calls, "the normal debts of a young man with a family—mortgage, cars and so forth." He borrowed money from Finley, a thing he says "many players do with the team they play for." Last year, having won his freedom from Finley and acquired the money from the Red Sox as a free agent, the first thing he did was buy his mother a Cadillac Eldorado, "because she had worked so hard to give me a chance by putting me through Benedictine Military Academy. I paid off my debts as quickly as I could, because for the first time in my life I could sign a check over the weekend and not have to run to the bank on Monday morning to cover it."

Under the Nehru jackets, turtleneck sweaters and the uniform blouse of the Red Sox, Ken Harrelson wears two medals: a St. Christopher—guardian of the traveler—and a St. Jude—the patron of lost causes. He almost became a lost cause when he was traded to Washington in 1966. Then-manager Gil Hodges and he did not get along, even though Hodges worked hard with The Hawk to make him a fair fielding first baseman. "Gil just didn't like the way I dressed or wore my hair," says Harrelson. "I wear my hair the way I do because of the size of my nose. My sister advised me years ago to have my hair styled so my nose wouldn't be so prominent. Gil told me to get my hair cut one day and it slipped my mind. The next day when I got to the park he told me not to bother to suit up until it was cut. Well, Bob Humphreys gave me a box cut so I could get dressed, but not too long afterward I was back in Kansas City."

Today clothing companies are starting to pursue The Hawk, and next year he hopes to have a line of shirts out. "If they are not too expensive," he says, "they will be called Hawk Shirts. If they are expensive they will be Ken Harrelson Shirts." On a recent trip to Chicago he bought \$175 worth of medallions in 10 minutes, and he has a huge collection of sweaters, slacks, shirts and shoes. It has already been a fine season for The Hawk, and in Boston, if he keeps hitting, he will soon be able to walk on the Charles River, Hawk Baby, they really do love you.

END

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## ***IN FULL CRY WITH PECKOVER***





The left fist shot out from a blazer sleeve, one bony finger pointing in the direction of up. Edmund Peckover—his long British face comprehending now, as if a cartoon balloon had suddenly appeared above him with a light bulb sparkling inside—had recognized the name of the place. "Ah, yes. I remember it now," he said. "They did round up all those hoodlum types right in there."

The automobile had just passed a New York restaurant that is rapidly approaching immortality in the world of cops and robbers as the spot where policemen interrupted a very important lunch one afternoon. The event was viv-

idly recalled by Edmund Peckover and, at that moment, the incongruity of this trip struck the driver. On a summer holiday weekend there were some who swam and some who sailed and others who fished or picnicked in the park. America that day might watch something solid, baseball or Ed Sullivan, might play something familiar, tennis, golf, Scrabble. Sporting America would enjoy the holiday with all the familiar domestic pursuits. And here he was, about to spend three days watching men play an alien game, to him a new and strange game, Edmund Peckover's game, cricket. And here they were, the elderly Englishman and the young American, passing a dea of hoods to get to the game of lords.

A few days earlier, wading through several books, magazine articles, instructions and what were, in effect, documented position papers that Peckover had sent on the subject, the younger man came upon this from *The New York Times*.

LONDON, Aug. 28 (Reuters)—Asif Iqbal, a 24-year-old all-rounder, scored 146 runs for Pakistan in a world record ninth-wicket stand with Intikhab Alam, who got 51 runs, against England in the third and final cricket test at the Oval today. . . . The third match final score was Pakistan 216 and 235, England 440 and 34 for two.

Asif's 146 came in three hours 10 minutes and included two sixes and 21 fours. England's task of making 32 to win was made difficult by Asif, who dismissed Brian Close and Colin Cowdrey before England scrambled to victory.

By the time the weekend was over the American was to understand "all-rounders" and "ninth-wicket stands" and "440 and 34 for two" and "sixes" and "fours" and "dismissing" and to understand, especially, Edmund Peckover.

Peckover was born in London and came to the U.S. in 1921. He is rather tall and rather than a bit bent over; the way he flutters about suggests—erroneously—that, like the Scarecrow of Oz, he is about to fall apart. He has had a nicely varied life, having been at one time or another a Royal Canadian Mountie, a British officer, an American soldier, a bass bantone with two octaves, an insurance man, a portrait artist, a cartoonist, a radio broadcaster and

the self-confessed "untold, unsung Boswell of Greenwich Village." These occupations, however, have always been just things to do; nothing interferes with his two great loves: chess, at which he is one of the best end-game composers in the world, and cricket.

His mind is a fertile field on these subjects. He can call forth detailed information on the two games, stretching back into their histories. Little-known statistics, uncounted facts, specific dates on cricket, for instance, come crashing out at any moment.

His preoccupation with these details is explained by a statement that Peckover attributes to a "noted educator," whose name, strangely, he has forgotten but whose theory he regards as sacred. The noted educator said, "People who have no interest in the history of the pursuits they enjoy the most have very small minds." End of discussion. Peckover quotes this theory quite a bit, and it ends all discussions. Not satisfactorily, the way one would want to end a discussion. But it does end them.

This weekend cricket was foremost in Peckover's mind. A touring team from the Marylebone Cricket Club of England, the international ruling body of the sport, was playing two matches in the New York area. (Do not call the club the "Marylebone Cricket Club" around Peckover. It is "MCC" to him.) First, however, he wanted to show his American friend a pickup cricket match, so that he could get the feel of the sport. His voice boomed over the phone. "Bring a lawn chair, too, lad. The ground gets awfully hard."

The get-the-feel game was to be played in a public park in the Bronx, and they traveled through Manhattan streets that were practically deserted. "New York is a wonderful place on the weekend," Peckover said, bringing to mind the observation that it is too bad the New Yorkers who leave the city on Sundays aren't able to see how nice it is without them.

A man named Hall, a big West Indian, was batting in the park, and Peckover knew him. "Very good batsman, but a very temperamental fellow," he said. The bowler whom Hall was facing had stationed all of his fielders behind Hall (there is no foul territory in cricket; you can hit the ball in any direc-

continued

DRAWING BY ROBERT HILTON



tion). The area they were in is called "the slips." But Hall was pounding hits to the opposite end of the field. Peckover pointed out that the bowler was not moving his fielders there because it was a matter of pride. "He doesn't want to admit that Hall can take such liberties with his bowling. Ah, but wait. There he goes. He's moving them now. The fielders are changing. I believe the bowler is watering his wine."

Shortly afterward Hall made an out—or was dismissed—and Peckover jumped from the lawn chair, his fist in the air, his feet stomping the ground. "You know what that was? See that? That's a yorker. Hall thought it was a full toss. But it was a yorker. It fooled him. It really fooled him." Peckover was fairly bellowing now, wagging his head and waving his hands and then demonstrating how to hit a yorker. Peckover is highly excitable where cricket is concerned, or where anything is concerned, for that matter. He jumps around. He waves his hands, sweeping them fore and aft and up and down in long, bellowing strokes, as though he were conducting the London Philharmonic.

He also has the habit of breaking the

continuity of a discussion to focus on other things for a brief moment; nature, for example. In the midst of a lecture on the history of the Staten Island Cricket Club he paused, whispered, "beautiful butterfly" as one flitted past, then dived right back into dates, names and changes in ownership. In the park that day, as he analyzed batting and bowling styles, he suddenly looked up at an object drifting over the cricket ground and asked, "Is that a hummingbird?" Someone said, "No, that's a kite." For a split second Peckover looked puzzled, then abruptly abandoned the sky and resumed his demonstration of how to hit a yorker.

Afternoon cricket matches usually last five or six hours or until one team "appeals against the light," but Peckover decided to head for home before dark. "Look at that, now," he said as he walked up the hill on his way from the park. "The end of the day. The sun going down. The green grass and the white uniforms. This is the esthetic part of the game. What art! What beauty, eh? It is a haunting setting."

There are many theories of how the game of cricket began, but one of the

most interesting holds that once upon a prehistoric time a monkey, instead of catching a coconut thrown at him playfully by another monkey, went to the opposite field on the other monkey and hit the coconut with a stick. A second story involves, of all people, Cuchulain, the legendary hero of Ireland. Cuchulain played a game in which he defended a hole in the ground into which his opponent tried to pitch a ball. At this kind of cricket Cuchulain defeated 150 Colts of Ulster. The score was:

Colts, b. Cuchulain . . . 0

Cuchulain, not out . . . 1

This little story does not do much for most of us, but it sends cricket enthusiasts rolling in the aisles.

Even Peckover was amused when he heard it the next day. But he came back quickly with some stories of his own. "Keats encountered a black eye playing cricket," he said suddenly, his eyes opening wide, wider and disappearing into his forehead. "Byron played in the first Eton-Harrow match. Remember how distinct a sound is the bat on the ball? Joyce wrote, 'The pack, pack, pack, pack: little drops of water in a fountain slowly falling as the brimming bowl.'"

The first match that the vaunted MCC team was to play in the New York area was against the Staten Island Cricket Club. Its residents call Staten Island a political and geographical stepchild of New York, and indeed there is more of New Jersey in their hearts than New York. The island is 14 miles long, seven miles wide, somewhere, and has a population of 270,000. It is the most rural of the city's five boroughs, and it is probably the least known. Its major notoriety, in fact, was achieved when Mel Tormé used to sing that he would take it, too, with the Bronx and build Manhattan "into an isle of joy."

Peckover explained how the story of the founding of the club should be written: "Around 1872 a group of dissidents broke off from the St. George's Club and decided to go it on their own," he said. "Yes, put it like that. Dissidents. You will immediately strike a sympathetic note with the readers. You know, psychology. I can tell you about this, you know. The readers will say, 'Ah, these chaps were outvoted at the meetings. They never got a square deal.' Dissidents. That's the word. Sympathy for the underdog. It always works when you hit them with that. Say dissidents."



The match was played on a beautiful tree-lined lawn next to a quaint old stone-block clubhouse just two streets from Kill Van Kull, a tidal strait that adjoins New York Harbor. The official dimensions of a cricket field call for a circular field 150 yards in diameter. The Staten Island field was a shade smaller than that, but cricket grounds apparently are like baseball outfields: to each its own.

The *New York Times*, represented by a man in a black turtle-neck sweater, came over and asked Peckover some questions. He seemed a nice man, Peckover said later, but not sympathetic enough to the game. He would miss the image.

The field began filling up with good-looking young men, all with rock jaws and hard bodies, who were dressed in blue blazers with "MCC" emblazoned in red and white on their breast pockets.

The president of the Staten Island Cricket Club, John Brebner, was introduced to the man from the *Times*. Peckover had the honors, but he was a little flustered and introduced Brebner as the President of the U.S. Brebner said the souvenir program contained a page for autographs. "To give a little color, you know." A sweet old lady ran up, imploring aid. "Please move. Please move back. No one can see." The man from the *Times* muttered, "What is there to see?" One got the distinct impression that *The New York Times* was missing the image.

The first MCC batsman "made a duck," which meant he went out before he could score any runs, but shortly thereafter one of Staten Island's best players pulled a muscle and had to leave the game. It was getting very hot now, but a light wind was still whispering through the bushes and children were shouting and laughing on the playgrounds nearby. It was a very pleasant holiday afternoon.

Just before lunch the 37-year-old playing captain of the MCC, Dennis R.W. Silk, came over to Peckover's group. He said he had been born in California. "Eureka, California. October the eighth, nineteen hundred and thirty one, wasn't it, sir?" Peckover said. Silk was startled. Then he said that the MCC had done all right on its tour, most of which was in Canada. "Won some, drew some," he said. He was asked for specifics. "Won 20, rained out two, drew one," he said. One should believe what

one hears about British understatement.

"Cricket is a great game," Silk said, "a game of character. There are more books on cricket than on any other sport."

"Except chess," said Peckover.

"That can't be," said Silk.

"Oh yes, sir. Except chess," said Peckover.

"That's impossible," said Silk.

"My dear man," said Peckover in rising tones. "You are speaking to an international authority on the subject. Do you know how many Russians play chess? Do you know how many Englishmen play cricket? Sir, I would be willing to bet you £100 right this minute."

"And off he went, explaining to Silk that people who have no interest, etc." "have very small minds." The crowd that had been attracted by the strength of Peckover's voice was gently dispersed. The discussion was ended.

**I**n cricket the players have a refreshment break, a lunch break, another refreshment break, a tea break and another refreshment break before "the light fails" and everybody goes home. Observing these many intermissions one day when he visited Lord's, the famous cricket ground in London, Will Rogers said, "Hell, this ain't a game. It's a banquet."

After lunch the crowd, about 300 people now, was treated to the play of Everton Weekes, a 43-year-old West Indian batsman of world renown. Weekes is stocky and powerful, with skin of mahogany and a pencil mustache. It was plain to see the special charisma he held for the crowd.

Weekes scored 33 runs, including two booming sixes (a six is more or less a home run). After the MCC had finished its innings and the Staten Island team was up, two American-born members of the American club spoke of how they happened to start playing cricket. Dr. Donald Snider, 28-year-old resident surgeon in New York, said he had gone to school in Kent but learned the game at Haverford College in Pennsylvania. He liked it, he said, because it was relaxing and comfortable. He also said that he never met a man in cricket he didn't like. Will Rogers must have had more influence on cricket than one would imagine.

The second man, Al Garcia, who is an actor and model, said he had been

born in Yoakum, Texas. A man born of Mexican parents in Yoakum, Texas who plays cricket is a major upset. "Any umpire who calls me out up at the bat, I stab him in the back," said Garcia. He said that it was an old Mexican tradition, stabbing in the back. Garcia is pretty funny.

"I learned the game in Australia," he said. "I was down there with a road company. I saw these men in white come onto this beautiful green, and a hush came over the crowd. It stayed like that the whole afternoon. They had tea. The hush stayed. Such grace and peace in the game. It was beautiful. 'This game,' I said, 'I must play.'"

Some of the club members were applauding and urging on one of Staten Island's best batsmen, Baji Palkhivala, an Indian. They were yelling "Baji, Baji." Peckover came running over. "My God, my God," he yelled, waving his arms. "Come! Come see. This man is bowling a perfect, genuine, *groggly* ball! From my end of the field you can see it quite clearly. A real, honest-to-goodness *groggly*!" A *groggly* is cricket's knuckleball, it breaks in the opposite direction from that which the batsman expects. Well, it is more complicated than that, but that is enough to know.

Peckover went back to the *groggly*, and an Englishman who had been engaged earlier in a violent conversation with Peckover came over. His name was Don Roger. He said he had been kidding when he told Peckover that cricket was a dying game, so why did Peckover get so angry? "I was only having some fun with him," Roger said, "but he acted like a wild man. Truthfully, though, I don't like the game anymore. I used to play, and I would stand out there in the field and think about all the things I could be doing elsewhere. A bloody waste of time." It was obvious that he had taken his life into his hands with that earlier remark to Peckover, but his candor was admirable.

A small boy on a bike rode past. "See those refs out there in the white coats?" he said. "What are they, hutchers?" "No, he's the butcher," said Roger, pointing at his friend Dr. Snider. Everyone was having a good laugh over that one when an Italian custodian of the park walked over. "You think I watch this game if I don't work here," he said. "You crazy. I go see the Yankees if I don't work here." Roger said

continued

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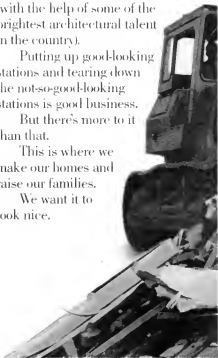
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that cricket was a good Italian game. The custodian said that cricket was a good Italian game, his rear end. Something like that. "I never understand this cricket. It's nuts. Bocce," he said. "Bocce, that's a good Italian game."

Toward the end of the match, when it was becoming apparent that Staten Island was forcing a draw with the MCC, there was a dispute about the time left until the finish. All the watches showed past 7 o'clock, the finishing time that had been agreed upon, yet the match was still going full blast. Arshad Khan, the Staten Island captain, ran onto the field, arguing with the umpires. "Why isn't it over?" asked Dr. Snider's wife. "Arshad looks furious. If he gets any madder he might pull stumps. He's done it before." If Eddie Stanky ever runs out and pries up home plate with a crowbar, he will be pulling a wicket.

"Why isn't it over?" Dr. Snider's wife asked again. Dr. Snider said the umpire's watch was the deciding factor. "What?" roared Peckover. "Why that's preposterous! What if the umpire has a Woolworth's watch on?" He was very serious. "This is utterly ridiculous." Later it was discovered that a Staten Island batsman had taken some extra time in the middle of the match and Captain Silk had requested added time at the end to make up for it. Actually the MCC could have claimed a victory because of the opposing batsman's transgressions. But peace was imposed, and the match ended in a draw.

The Times covered the match artfully, with a fair-sized feature story the next day and two pictures. But on arriving at a field in the Red Hook section of Brooklyn for the final match of the MCC tour, Peckover expressed to Captain Silk his displeasure with the article. "You were most magnanimous in your praise of baseball," he told Silk. "And I thought you came out quite all right, if the truth be known."

Silk agreed. Of course, he had been quoted in the paper as saying that baseball had "moments of great excitement punctuated by popcorn."

Unlike the Staten Island ground, Red Hook was not particularly suitable for cricket. The field was uneven and rocky, the grass uneven and ankle-high in most spots. Beer cans and other debris were strewn about, and a cinder track circled the ground, cutting into the playing field. The boundary on one side was a con-

crete bleacher. Football goalposts were in the line of well-struck hits, and people kept walking across the field during play.

The cricket ground was tucked in, not very charmingly, among trucking warehouses, Port Authority shipyards, some abandoned cargo hangars, a small custard-colored paint factory and towering garbage incinerators. This was the neighborhood where young Alphonse Capone used to play hopscotch. "That's right, yeah," said a passing ice-cream man. "That was the old days. He came out here. You know what? I heard he had a real good brain. Say, what is this stupid game, anyway?"

The opposition this day was an All-Star team made up entirely of West Indians. The crowd was West Indian also. It was a happy, animated crowd, well versed in the nuances of cricket and of having a good time. Some had brought guitars and drums and they played calypso much of the afternoon. "Hey mon, hey mon," they would yell gleefully, time and again.

The day was the warmest of the weekend. Peckover sat in the shade on his lawn chair, talking to Gerald Butterfield, an elderly gentleman who was wearing a straw hat and a mocha suit. Butterfield, it was said, had played many fine years on the national team of Bermuda and once took the wicket of the great Australian, C. G. Macartney.

Hugh Silk, brother of the MCC captain and a transplanted Londoner who is at present the assistant to the headmaster of a preparatory school in Manhattan, was sitting in the sun with some American friends. An amiable type, he was explaining the game to them and saying that well, now, the MCC was doing remarkably well, considering the conditions. It seems that the MCC had taken "a bit of guff" from the crowd the day before. They had been told that today's match would be their roughest of the tour, for the West Indian team was very good. Hugh Silk said he thought the MCC boys were quite up for this particular match.

They seemed to be. Though plagued by the high grass, the MCC was scoring well until two batsmen made outs within five minutes of each other. "Oh, oh. Headline: 'England in danger,'" said Hugh Silk. He then explained that such headlines in British newspapers occasionally upset visiting Americans. They

would see ENGLAND IN DANGER in the papers and wonder what new international crisis had arisen, when what really had happened was that England had given up seven wickets in Australia.

The MCC finished its bats, scoring 140 runs, its lowest total of the tour. But the long grass, more than the opposition bowling, was responsible for this. Surprisingly, the West Indian team was practically helpless against the MCC bowlers, especially when they faced the deliveries of Alan Moss. They went out rather quickly, scoring only 53 runs.

At a farewell dinner for the British team that night, Captain Silk explained the success of Moss. "He brought something out of the bag today," the captain said. "Alan is an England bowler and he bowled like an England bowler." This seemed to satisfy everyone, and wine glasses were raised all around as the American toastmaster announced: "To the Queen." Captain Silk responded: "Let me return the favor. Sir, to the President."

Throughout the festivities, Peckover's head kept bobbing up and down, out and away, over everybody, swooping like a seagull upon the fish, as he conversed with one and all. He was not *seen* all the time, but he was heard.

Later the West Indians honored the boys from the MCC with a dance and party in Harlem at the Renaissance Ballroom. As the distinguished British cricketers danced out their tour to the cacarachus of Coughe's Orchestra, one remembered what Dan Patachoud, a young team member whom the MCC roster described as "a splendid fielder and useful bat," had said earlier in the evening.

He was talking about his many travels, the cities and lands he had visited and what made them good or bad.

"Most cities are not really very different," Dan had said. "It is all elementary, anyway. We have a room here. A large room, with maybe 60 people inside. And we are in this city. But take any room. Anywhere. A small room with two or three in it. Very small, you know? But if it is a good evening, if you are having a good time, if the people are good—ah, yes, if the people in the room are good—then, it is a good city."

That evening, as the English say it so well, "the standard of wit was high." Dan Patachoud was right, and Edmund Peckover was right. Cricket is a good game.

END



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**The Fifth Dimension**, a five-member rock group, won a Grammy Award last year with an out-of-sight air about a "beautiful balloon," called *Up, Up and Away*. Last week while they were doing their thing at the Iowa State Fair, a publicity-seeking balloonist offered the Dimension a brief ascension. It really turned out to be their scene, as they upped, upped and awayed to beat the balloon man with his own bag. It seems that the title of the song had inspired them to become balloonists for real. Said Fifth Dimensioner Florence LaRue: "When it became a bit, someone in the group wondered out loud one day about what it really was like to go up in a balloon, and suddenly we were all at this school in Connecticut taking lessons. Now we know what it's like."

Interrupting his quest for 30 victories, Detroit's **Denny McLain** gave an organ recital in New York last week and discussed his choice of careers. "I never thought of careers seriously," he says, "until the baseball people started coming around offering money. The organ people didn't. When I was a kid I used to come home from school and practice the organ first, then go out and play baseball." One of his New York recital selections was *Dad's Gone Up*, the Tigers' theme song, he says. "If we do give up," he quipped, "they'll run Mayo [Smith] and me out of town on the same horse." If McLain does win 30 games he undoubtedly will add *Meer Me at St. Louis* to his repertoire next month.

As winner of the Lady Byng Trophy for sportsmanship the past two years, NHL All-Star Center **Sian Mikita** is a man repelled by the more violent aspects of his sport. Last week Mikita was

in character as he spoke out against a decidedly non-sporting form of violence, the Soviet invasion of his Czechoslovak homeland. "It's a horrible shame," he said. "Those people just want to be left alone to govern themselves." Stan's mother and sister are visiting him in the U.S. now, and he hopes to get an extension of their visas—on the reasonable expectation that it may not be easy to get out of Czechoslovakia again.

• "Mr. Insult" is what they call Comedian **Don Rickles**, and in his latest caper he takes on **Sugar Ray Robinson**, **Joe Louis** and **Rocky Graziano** with as much impunity as a TV script affords. For a forthcoming segment of *The Kraft Music Hall*, Rickles is Dynamite Don, a promising fighter. Graziano jokes at the prospect, and Rickles replies, "Keep it up and I'll have Tony Zale dump spaghetti and meatballs all over your driveway." Sugar joins them, and Dynamite jabs him. "One more crack out of you and I'll erase the soul brother sign off your liquor-store window." Louis points out a punching bag, and Don snaps, "No kidding—I thought it was a football with a gland condition."



tion. I always wanted to play the violin but my mother wanted a boxer." Louis says of him, "He looks more like a cocker spaniel with a sprained mouth," and Rickles asks, "Is that from your book *The Wit and Wisdom of Joe Louis*?" Oh well, nobody gets hurt.

♦ Once our prettiest, swiftest skier, **Jill Klumpp** broke her back in a skiing accident in 1955, long before she could achieve her potential in the sport. Though almost completely paralyzed, she went on to earn her college degree and teaching credentials, and this summer she was smiling in a wheelchair, teaching reading—without pay—to Indian children on a Bushop, Calif. reservation. There, the Rev. Sidney H. Byrd compares her to his people. "She really had nothing," he says. "All the things she had against her she was able to beat by sheer determination and guts. She was able to show others that whatever their handicap, they can achieve."

At 71, Novelist and former Sportsman **Paul Gallico** now lives on the French Riviera and looks 40, perhaps because, as a fencer, he has remained a vigorous participant.



"I got my first taste of it," he said the other day at Antibes, "when I was rowing on the Columbia crew. We used to train on rowing machines as the gym and, after training, our coach, Jim Rice, used to say, 'O.K., now row 20 laps.' One day I had in the fencing room while the 20 laps were being run. I got very interested in fencing. I will do three hours of it every week. No more foils or sabers—they're too fast at my age. Epee is slightly less strenuous. You can bluff, fiddle around a bit, take a rest and stay farther away from your opponent. I can still beat kids of 21." Gallico compares fencing to chess. "It's mental as well as physical," he says. "You're always thinking three or four moves ahead, how to lead your opponent into a trap and how to stay out of his." A half-century ago as captain of the Lions' crew, Gallico weighed 198, he's barely 10 pounds over that today.



SANDRA POST WAS AN EARLY SURPRISE

## Snydered in Springfield

The course was almost a washout, but the pro girls got their money

Long before it is dark or even cool enough for the compah band to come onto the stand and play the requests, the action in Snyder Park is full and sweet. Cars are pulled into the shade to be Simonized, picnic baskets are undone, teeter-totters are given full play and over on the course the Ajax Auto Wrecker guys, dragging their wheel carts behind them, come home to the accompaniment of the 6 00 bells from the Ohio Masonic Home. Though the Wreckers stand last in Snyder Park's Independent League, they are moving up on Falstaff and Blatz and may yet catch powerful, league-leading Dean's Movers.

Last weekend, however, Snyder Park was closed to public play, and the pursuit of Dean's Movers had to wait upon another game in Springfield, Ohio, the Ladies' World Series of Golf.

Springfield is an International Harvester town. It is proud to be the birthplace (1902) of the 4-H Clubs, and it is a place that evokes memories of Robert Preston marching down Main Street with Marlin, the lithrarin, and 76 trombones. In it there is also a restaurant that just recently removed filet mignon from the menu because it would not sell. "Well," said the owner, "we aren't Dayton."

After three years of bizarre happenings, anyone concerned with the Ladies' Professional Golf Association image has to be wishing Springfield was Dayton or Cincinnati, or Prague, or anywhere. "We're here out of loyalty, or something like that," said Lenise Wirtz, the LPGA tournament director. "But I don't know how long we'll be able to stay."

The tournament, which matches the winners of the top three women's tournaments, plus the defending champion and two other leaders from the money list in a two-day 36-hole set for \$35,000 in prize money, started three years ago in the red and has gone straight down from there into hard crimson. Originally, it was sponsored by 13 local businessmen who, in ample consideration of their zealous handling of the event, were called "The Trembling Thirteen." They published a statement, *you just know*, to the effect that they had "lost" \$19,000. Last year, after the tournament had been moved from the Springfield Country Club to Snyder Park, the club's membership did not appreciate sacrificing weekend Scotch-toursome time—the Junior Chamber of Commerce took over sponsorship and, with Shell Oil and Lincoln-Mercury helping to share the deficits, managed to lose only \$2,200. Shell and the Fraternal Order of Eagles ("Champion Aerie No. 397") were aiming for minus \$9,000 this year.

The problems are that an anticipated television contract has never materialized, other large-business interests have shunned the tournament and so have people. The community has not exactly knocked itself out helping, either. Last Thursday afternoon found Wirtz hammering out-of-bounds stakes, lining drop areas and searching for boundary ropes and scorecards all by himself. "We didn't

even have ticket takers the first week," he said, "but this is ridiculous."

The course, itself, was doing nothing to save the day. Highway construction that had piled towering mounds of dirt along two fairways and had backed up the water levels in the area left Snyder Park's 18 holes in dreadful shape. Much rain during the last month and 700 pounds of lime poured out to mark all the poor spots helped further to turn the course into a Toonerville Trap.

To the contestants, even the money in this richest of all women's tournaments—first place is worth \$10,000—was becoming something of a bore. The field included four girls who had played in the World Series each year: Mickey Wright and Sandra Haynie from the money list, defending champion Kathy Whitworth and Canadian Open winner Carol Mann, and the two surprise winners of the tour's big events, Susie Berning, the Women's Open champion, and Sandra Post, the rookie who won the LPGA Championship.

"It's still a whole new experience playing for all that money," said Miss Mann, who has won seven tournaments and leads the LPGA this year in earnings. "But those of us who've been here each time are conditioned now. It takes a mental adjustment and, when we get adjusted, it's not so fascinating anymore."

"I think we've put so much prestige into the World Series," said Sandra Haynie, "that we think more about playing and winning than about the money. It doesn't awe us the way it used to."

For Mickey Wright, even the winning no longer seemed especially important. Deliberately forfeiting her preeminent position in women's golf as her interests have expanded into other areas, she has been competing infrequently for the past couple of years. She has found domestic tranquility around her new house in Dallas, where she raises periwinkles in the courtyard. "I know it's wrong to be doing something you're not all gung-ho and excited about, but that's the way it is," she said at Springfield. "My feeling here is just that the \$3,000 for sixth place isn't bad pay for a week's work. That's a horribly unproductive attitude, but I have so little drive left to push myself at all. Even my swing has become strange and unfamiliar. My feelings here are just a culmination of my attitude on the tour."

Of all the participants, probably the most surprising was 20-year-old Sandra Post. A sprightly redhead from Canada who learned the game from her father at home in Oakville, Ont. and on their yearly vacations in Florida, Miss Post joined the tour just last March. Four months later she was LPGA champion when she beat Miss Whitworth in an 18-hole playoff by seven strokes.

"I was lucky," she says. "You have to be lucky to shoot a 68 and chip in twice. I knocked in one blind shot from the other side of a hill, 50 yards away."

"Post-O never gets tense about anything," said her roommate on tour, Renee Powell, who drove down from her home in East Canton, Ohio to watch the tournament. "She won't choke up here."

Indeed, Miss Post won most of the Springfield hearts available when she took an early lead in the first round with a birdie on the 2nd hole. Playing with Whitworth and Haynie, she remained one under par until she bogeyed the 9th and then fell back of Miss Whitworth, who was three under.

At that point it appeared as if the three somes were playing two separate tournaments. Up ahead of the leaders, Miss Mann had run into three straight bogeys and Miss Wright had an eight on No. 4, after hitting out of bounds. She never did recover, ending the day with a 78. "She looks like she just doesn't care," said one onlooker. Others agreed. Miss Mann made a furious charge at the end of the day by finishing birdie, birdie, eagle for a two-under par 70. Kathy Whitworth led with 69, and Sandra Haynie came in at even par 72. The two newcomers, Post-O and Susie Berning, both finished with 73s.

"I like my position," Miss Mann said, while practicing her chipping and putting for an hour after everybody else had gone home. "I get to play offense now, and Kathy's on the defensive. I play better that way."

The next day Miss Mann passed Miss Whitworth early, but she bogeyed 10 when her tee shot went under a tree and 13 when she hit into the sand. Miss Whitworth, meanwhile, birdied 10, 11 and 13, and that was the tournament as she finished four strokes in the lead with a 138 total. The winner's victory check was presented by Mayor Betty Brunk. In Springfield, you see, winners and mayors are ladies.

END



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## Bobby stakes an Orr claim for everybody

He is only 20, but sensational Boston Bruin Defenseman Bobby Orr, backed by an astute Ontario attorney, has turned the hidebound National Hockey League inside out. Even old stars are making a decent living wage

When the Boston Bruins finally denied a fortnight ago that their wunderkind defenseman Bobby Orr had signed a three-year contract for \$400,000, they spoke exactly one week and approximately \$1 million too late. The true figure was more in the neighborhood of \$200,000 but the Bruins, a notoriously frugal organization, were so flattered by their suddenly acquired big-spender image that they stood mutely as the false \$400,000 figure circulated through the

hockey provinces. Players from Al Arbour to Larry Zedler read the report and immediately reassessed their own salary demands. "I beat them all to it," said Phil Esposito, one of Orr's Boston teammates. "I knew what Bobby was going to get all the time, so I went in before him and told them to give me my figure or else. They gave it to me."

Even though Bobby Orr is getting only about half of what had been rumored, the fact that he is getting that much is a coup both for him and for a Toronto lawyer named Alan Eagleson, who is the Mark McCormack (and the Marvin Miller) of hockey. Until Orr turned professional with the Bruins two years ago, hockey salaries were, with very few exceptions, almost at welfare levels. After all, as Henri Richard of the Montreal Canadiens said the other day, "Most of us players don't have too much education because we had to quit school to play hockey. When we went into the office to sign our contracts the club had lawyers and accountants everywhere—and we had only ourselves. We were never prepared for any of these business deals."

This situation began to change in the summer of 1966 when Orr agreed to permit Eagleson to negotiate his first contract with the Bruins. Management customarily offered its best amateurs a bonus—usually something like two shiny suits and an oversized trenchcoat to sign a minimum-salary contract. Thus it was with certain astonishment that the penurious Boston organization, which never before had negotiated with a lawyer-agent, found its original contract terms being calmly rejected by Eagleson. What made matters worse was that Boston was in a bind of its own making. The Bruins had not made the playoffs in 13 years, and while sellout crowds of 13,909 continued to fill Boston Garden, management already had

promised the faithful that relief was on the way. Its chosen instrument was an 18-year-old named Bobby Orr who would singlehandedly skate the Bruins into the Stanley Cup playoffs. Consequently, the Bruins were forced to alter their position at the bargaining table and they signed Orr to a two-year contract for some \$75,000.

When reports of this agreement infiltrated the NHL, a number of other players got in touch with Eagleson, and soon the antiquated structure of financial relations between management and labor began to crack. Eagleson pushed the demolition by helping to organize a Players' Association.

Ten years earlier a group of veterans, including Ted Lindsay of the Detroit Red Wings and Tod Sloan of the Toronto Maple Leafs, had attempted to start an association of their own, but when the owners heard of it they banished the insurrectionists to the Chicago Black Hawks. That meant no playoff money, since the Hawks were always in last place during the 1950s.

In the year just past the new Players' Association, with Norm Ullman as president and Eagleson as executive director and legal counsel, has won several major concessions from management. The minimum salary limit now is \$10,000—up from \$7,500, and the median salary is almost \$18,000—up about \$3,500 from two years ago. The players also receive more meal money on the road, and they are paid for playing in exhibition games. There is a major medical plan new to hockey—and the players are now trying to modernize their pension plan.

"We got our idea from the Teamsters," said Eagleson. "We just realized the only way we could show strength was to join together."

This summer, when the time came for Orr and Eagleson to negotiate a



CLIENT ORR SMILES AT BIG PAY BOOST

new contract with the Bruins, both were ready. Orr, of course, had the credentials. In his first season he was voted Rookie of the Year and made the league's second All-Star team during the last half of the season. The Bruins, though, did not make the playoffs. They simply had a bad team. Last year Orr was benched because of injuries for 28 games. He had three knee operations in the last year. He broke his nose several times, fractured his collarbone and separated his shoulder. Still, he was voted the Norris Trophy as the best defenseman and was selected to the first All-Star team. And this time the Bruins—after nine years—made the Stanley Cup playoffs.

"Bobby proved in just two years that he is now the greatest player in the Bruins' history," said Eagleson. "The negotiations were long but fairly easy. The Bruins knew what Bobby was worth, and they were quite reasonable." After three days at the bargaining table Orr and Eagleson agreed to terms with Boston. The \$200,000 that Orr is to get will be spread out over the next three years.

While Boston Owner W. W. Adams (some critics claim the W. W. stands for Why Win?) basked in his new reputation as a kind of free-spending Tom Yawkey on ice, hockey players everywhere paused to reappraise their own contracts.

Said Gordie Howe when he read the first erroneous reports about a \$400,000 contract, "I don't think he's actually getting all that kind of money. Still, the bad thing about those figures is that the wives all get talking and pretty soon you're back in there with the general manager talking about rewrites. Don't kid yourself—a lot of guys will have clippings of Orr's contract when they talk to the boss this year. I'm going to mention it. I'm in the second year of a two-year contract now, but I think my contract is renegotiable. We play more games and the prices are going up. I still go in there by myself. I'm too far along to have a guy like Eagleson negotiating for me. But if he had been around when I was 20, I'd have made a lot more money in my career."

Ed Westfall, a Bruin utility man, said, "I think I'm half as good as Bobby

Orr. Maybe I can get half as much money." Wayne Maki, an obscure Chicago forward who was working with Orr this summer at a hockey clinic in Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, said, "I hope Bobby gets one million a year. Every ten thousand more he gets means another thousand or two for the rest of us. It's going to cost the owners money."

Confronted with talk like this, the Bruins reluctantly began to set matters in a more proper perspective. But the trouble had already begun. Said Henri Richard, "I don't care if the story was wrong. It should help us all. I don't see why we don't get paid as much as the baseball and football players anyway. I'm almost through, but I wish I'd had somebody like Eagleson to talk for me when I broke into the league."

Meanwhile, Orr is unperturbed by the commotion he has caused. He skated two weeks ago for the first time since his most recent knee operation and managed to laugh when Esposito, his Boston teammate, called him Money Bags. "I never said what I signed for, and I don't think it's right for anybody to write what they think I signed for," he said, resting against the sideboards of the rink he was playing in. "I don't know or even want to know how much writers make. I don't know why they should know what I make."

"I just know that I wasn't making any money at all two years ago—oh, I was clearing about \$10 a week after paying my expenses while playing amateur hockey in Oshawa—and now Alan Eagleson has made me a lot of money."

"They all wrote about endorsements and life insurance and education. They said all those things were in my contract. Well, they weren't. Sure, I'd like to finish high school, and I'll probably do it this year in Boston. But all I ever really want to do is play hockey. I don't care about anything else."

Now that Orr has signed his contract there are reports from Chicago that Bobby Hull and Stan Mikita each will try to pry \$100,000 from the Black Hawks this year. Howe will ask for more money, too. It is certain that there will be a number of holdouts in Toronto, where Punch Imlach clutches at purse strings

And in Montreal, where the management has always told its players that playoff bonus money was a form of pay raise, there are rumblings about high salary demands and possible holdouts.

Recently an NHL official walked over to Eagleson at a league meeting and asked, "You're Alan Eagleson, aren't you?"

"Yes, I'm Alan Eagleson," the lawyer answered.

"Well, you're not very well liked, you know," the official said.

"And who told you that?" Eagleson asked.

"Oh, a couple of the owners," the man said.

"Hmmm. I tell you what," Eagleson said. "You just let me know when the players don't like me. O.K.?"

END



LAWYER EAGLESON KEEPS NHL GUESSING



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## Surprise: Phipps loses a Hopeful

His own inside position and Yeaze's ride on Top Knight beat Reviewer

**A**s the name implies, the Hopeful is a race for maturing 2-year-olds with classic aspirations. For the first time the youngsters, many of them still very green, are asked to go 6½ furlongs in good company, and those who acquit themselves well on the last days of Saratoga's August meeting are usually conceded excellent chances in the juvenile championships later in the year, very often, they do well as 3-year-olds. Hopeful winners include Nashua, Needles, Hail to Reason, Jaipur, Bold Lad, Buckpasser and Bold Hour. Over the years 12 Hopeful winners have developed into classic competitors that have won the mile-and-a-half Belmont Stakes.

But it was not the 64th Hopeful alone that drew 24,828 fans to handsome Saratoga last week. The closing-day crowd of this record-breaking season (both attendance and wagering were up) was treated to one of the finest programs in years—a nine-race card with not a single claiming race in the bunch. An added bonus came in the form of a surprise: the sold beating administered in the Hopeful to Ogden Phipps's hitherto undefeated Reviewer, a 3-to-5 favorite, by Steven B. Wilson's 5-to-2 shot, Top Knight.

Wheatley-Phipps colts had won three of the last four runnings of the Hopeful before last Saturday, and Reviewer (a bay colt by Bold Ruler out of the Hasty Road mare Broadway) certainly seemed to have the same prospects as any of his three predecessors—Bold Lad, Buckpasser or What A Pleasure. His record was four for four, and that included easy victories in the Sapling at Mon-

mouth Park and the Saratoga Special, both run at six furlongs. Second-choice Top Knight, a big Florida-bred chestnut son of Vertex and a Summer Tan mare named Ran-Tan, hadn't done too badly, himself. He had won two of five starts and had placed in two others. A poor start in the Sapling eliminated him from serious contention, and he finished sixth. In the Tremont, at  $5\frac{1}{2}$  furlongs, he was only a diminishing nose behind the winner, Greentree's Buck Run.

But if Top Knight came to Saratoga ready to run, it would be premature, nonetheless, to consider this colt even the pro-tem champion as a result of his first stakes victory. I, for one, will have to see him beat Reviewer again at the same distance before thinking of him in terms of a classic career. It is likely that the extra half furlong did not stop Reviewer so much as racing luck. Both the draw and the way the race was run gave advantages to Top Knight.

Reviewer got the inside post when C. V. Whitney's True North was scratched. Top Knight was on the outside in the 11-horse field. From there, Jockey Manuel Ycaza could maneuver to his liking at the break, and he settled quickly into fourth spot, out of trouble and in perfect position to track the leaders and make his move at the most propitious moment. On the inside, Jockey John Rotz, substituting on Reviewer for Braislino Bacra, who had gone to Chicago's Arlington Park to ride Dr. Fager, was in no position to call his own shots. Jocks on inside horses seldom are.

Reviewer likes to do his early running off the pace but well within striking distance. In the Hopeful, when he scrambled out of the gate last of the 11 colts, Rotz had to make a quick strategy decision—either to stay back and save ground on the inside and hope to get through or around later on, or to gun his colt and get up with the pace. "I wanted to lay back, but couldn't really," Rotz said later. "I felt I had to go a hit to maintain a position, and as doing so I used him more than we had intended." While Prevailing shot to a quick lead, Rotz saved the rail position and put Reviewer just half a length off the pace until they left the half-mile pole. Then he took over and quickly opened up a one-length lead. Ycaza could see all this from his handy outside position, and, even though he was earned slightly wide on the final turn by Bush-

ido, he had clear sailing on the run home. He hit Top Knight at the 3/8ths pole and then switched his whip to the left hand at the eighth pole, but by then he had measured his chief rival and there wasn't much of a contest. In the final 16th, Top Knight drew off to win by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  lengths in the very good time of 1:16. Reviewer had four lengths on long shot Bushido, who in turn was  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lengths in front of Hey Good Lookin'.

"It's too soon to tell how good Top Knight really is," said a happy Ycaza afterward, "but his action and his disposition are just about perfect." As for Reviewer, Rotz said, only half glumly,



TURNING INTO THE STRETCH, YCAZA HAS TOP KNIGHT OUTSIDE AND READY TO MOVE

"You never like to get beaten on an undefeated odds-on favorite in a big stakes race, but I believe that even in defeat this colt ran a big race—a very big race."

Top Knight and Reviewer, in all likelihood, will have another go at each other (again at  $6\frac{1}{2}$  furlongs) in the Futurity at Belmont Park on September 21st, and it should be a race worth seeing. It also should attract some classic hopefuls who, for one reason or another, did not get to Saratoga's race. Naturally, at least one of them belongs to the Phippses. He is King Emperor, the property of Mrs. Henry Carnegie Phipps's Wheatley Stable. Another Bold Ruler colt, he won the Sanford at Saratoga to run his unbeaten streak to three, then was shipped off to Arlington Park to put his repu-

tation on the line in this week's Futurity Trial, a prep for the rich Arlington-Washington Futurity on September 7.

It would, of course, be nothing new for Wheatley-Phipps to come up with another 2-year-old champion. "Last year," says Ogden Phipps, "we had, in Vitriole, the best of a bad lot. This year the lot may be good." This year, too, one has the impression that some of the better 2-year-olds have yet to be seen on their true form. It appears that some horsemen are being more cautious than usual with their young stock, not, for example, racing them either too early or too often. One explanation may be

that the market indicates racing animals are worth more today than ever. When sales prices went up to record highs this year, the value of homebreds went up proportionately. And if horses are worth more, it stands to reason that owners are going to be more careful in handling them.

Next year at Saratoga, incidentally, all 2-year-old races leading up to the Hopeful will be at six furlongs instead of the customary  $5\frac{1}{2}$ . Not only will this eliminate much of the unnecessary crowding that occurs right after the break midway up the backstretch, but it should provide horsemen with an earlier notion as to which members of their stock are serious candidates for the late-fall distance races and the year ahead. **ENG**

## Tiny Bob tiptoes through the amateurs

Much of the excitement at an otherwise dreary tournament was furnished by Bob Lutz, whose nickname derives from his singing—not his tennis. In the clutch, though, he had to yield to imperturbable Arthur Ashe

**T**he Longwood Cricket Club in Chestnut Hill, Mass., which has given U.S. tennis so many of its grand traditions and has been the site for the national doubles championship for the last 50 years, may end up—sadly if inevitably—being remembered best as the place where big-time amateur tennis died in August 1968.

The trouble for Longwood started this spring when the United States Lawn Tennis Association sanctioned open tennis. Forest Hills, the traditional site of the national singles championships, was designated as host of the U.S. Open tournament, and the amateur singles were awarded to Longwood. This seemed a

fine idea: 10 days of top competition leading to national titles in both singles and doubles and played at the country's oldest club. Instead, Longwood found itself with a white elephant tournament, which, during the course of play last week, showed symptoms of drifting swiftly into the limbo of a routine stop on the Eastern summer tour. Two groups, the best of the amateur players and the USLTA, are capable of providing the resuscitation the tournament needs, but neither seems likely to give it. During the first weekend at Longwood there were five competing events—four regular USLTA tournaments, including one which was approved *after* the decision for open tennis, and the Davis Cup tie with Spain. This left Longwood short of players, many of them good attractions, for that weekend. More important, the tight schedule robbed Longwood of much of the prestige it could have inherited from the old Forest Hills tournament, the dates for which were always assiduously protected by the USLTA.

Ironing out the details of the new open system has made it a hectic year for the USLTA. Its president, Robert Kelleher, excused the undermanning of the Nationals by saying, "We've been fouled up all summer." By the time the 1969 calendar is drawn up, the association should not be in that condition anymore, but Kelleher did not offer any definite help for Longwood in the future.

Even if the USLTA does help with better scheduling, the tournament will still be in trouble, because many of the best amateur players are already disenchanted with the idea of playing in closed tournaments. Manolo Santana of Spain and Tom Okker of Holland, two of the top foreign non-professionals, and Nancy Richey and Poaches Bartkowicz, two of the best American women amateurs, did not even appear at Longwood. Neither did the four best Australian players, who were competing in Europe but will

be on hand for the Open next week.

Among those who did show up, there was a widespread feeling that the tournament was a comedown from the Forest Hills of years past. Clark Graebner, U.S. Davis Cupper and second seed at Longwood, said, "I didn't really want to come here and play this tournament. Sure, I'd like to win the Nationals, but I want to win the Davis Cup and the Open more. Now it's just another tournament on the circuit, with a little bigger prize."

That attitude showed in Graebner's play. After being knocked out in the semifinals in straight sets, he said, "I was lethargic out there. I have a don't-care attitude this week, and I think a lot of other players have it, too."

Even Bob Lutz and Cecil Martinez, the two surprise players at Longwood who should have been immensely pleased by their performances, felt a little cheated. Miss Martinez, a psychology major at San Francisco State College who did not take up tennis seriously until she was all of 17, hustled her way into the semifinals before losing to the eventual women's titlist, Margaret Smith Court. The pretty, dark-haired 21-year-old, who has been playing much better since she started reading a book on Gestalt therapy a few weeks ago, explained, "This is by far the best I've ever done in a big tournament and I'm very happy, but somehow it just doesn't seem like the Nationals. Maybe if I finish reading that book I'll figure out how to do even better at Forest Hills, which would really seem like something."

Lutz came to Longwood unseeded but dominated the tournament (some other players wryly charged that the LCC on the ball boys' jerseys stood for the Lutz Cricket Club). Just before he and Stan Smith won the doubles championship, Lutz said, "This has been a great week for me but it just hasn't hit me like it would have at Forest Hills." Even if this was not the Nationals, of the pre-



SCRAMBLING against Clark Graebner here, Lutz upset two other seeded players.



Open days, Lutz still had plenty to be proud of. He and Smith came to Longwood unhappy that Davis Cup Captain Donald Dell had not used them as the U.S. team in the tie with Spain. Seeded first, the Californians did not lose a set in their five matches on the way to the championship, which made them the first pair ever to win national titles on all four surfaces.

Lutz was hardly less efficient in his startling singles performance, only going more than three sets twice. He upset the No. 4 domestic seed, Cliff Richey, the No. 1 foreign seed, Bob Hewitt of South Africa, and Graehner, on successive days, before losing to Ashe in the finals. He did it all with a scrambling style, lunging frantically back and forth along the baseline and spending a few moments of each match soiling his whites as he slid across the grass. Lutz's exciting play almost disguised a fast-maturing, solid game based on deep, accurate returns, exceptionally fast reflexes at the net and a reliable serve which does not look spectacular but went unbroken in the semis of both the singles and doubles and the doubles finals.

He credited much of his success at Longwood to a rigorous conditioning program set up by Davis Cup Coach Dennis Ralston and to his aluminum racket, which he feels gives him extra power. "There's less surface on my racket and that lets me swing it harder with less effort because there isn't as much resistance," he said. "That's true even though it's actually a little heavier than my old wood racket."

Lutz, shorter than Ashe and Graehner and the youngest member of the Davis Cup team, is called Tiny Bob. The nickname really caught on after he led his teammates in a full-fledged rendition of *Tip-Too-Through the Tulips With Me*. He has not yet let his hair grow long enough to match Tiny Tim's, but he does wear a mod, sideburned style that a barber back home in Los Angeles trims with a razor for \$8.50. "I just sort of let my sideburns grow out and the people who run the Davis Cup team didn't say anything, so I guess they're O.K.," he said. Then he admitted he was eagerly awaiting the imminent arrival of the cup team's new Nehru jackets. At Forest Hills the amateurs will need more than Nehrus, sideburns and aluminum rackets to cope with the likes of Laver, Rosenzweig and Newcombe.

END



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# Boondock Heresy



*A "forever wild" naturalist visits the Great Smokies National Park on a holiday weekend and decides reluctantly that the trailer-rig campers deserve a piece of the action*

**BY BILL GILBERT**

CONTINUED

**C**lingmans Dome is the highest point in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park and a sightseeing *pièce de résistance* of the place, as Old Faithful is in Yellowstone or the Gator Boardwalk is in the Everglades. To facilitate use of the top of this 6,642-foot mountain, the National Park Service has built seven miles of highway up the shoulder of Clingmans. The road terminates in a large shopping-center-type parking lot. From there, continuing up the mountain, is half a mile of macadamized walk that winds to the summit of Clingmans Dome and ends at the base of an incredible free-form lookout tower. This tower and its approach, which appears to have been squeezed out of an enormous toothpaste tube loaded with tacky cement, must surely rate well up on any list of the 10 ugliest creations of man. Nevertheless, presumably because the mountain and the tower are there, a good many of the 6½ million people who visit the park each year do the Clingmans Dome bit. On good days 20,000 or so of them may try to do it, often at the same time. Last Labor Day was a good day. On the highway leading up the mountain, the traffic was bumper to bumper. In the parking lot motorists circled wanly and charged each other like stags in rut for about-to-be-vacated parking spaces. On the black-top footpath the pedestrians walked knee to fanny.

Right where the paved path to the toothpaste tower leaves the parking lot there is a plainly marked trail that leads down the shoulder of the mountain toward Andrews Bald. On this Labor Day Saturday, after having dutifully climbed to the tower, my wife, two boys and I decided to walk to Andrews Bald, a round trip of four miles.

The trail to Andrews Bald has been cleared by the Park Service and, though you are walking more than a mile above sea level, the ascents and descents are gentle. For the first mile or so the trail passes through a dense, mossy, green-on-green spruce forest. Then the woods open up and eventually you come to Andrews Bald. Balds are phenomena peculiar to the Southern mountains; open meadows on the high ridges that mysteriously remain free of trees and brush and that give one, or at least give me, a sense of floating free in the midst of the mountains. I like nearly everyone else these days, I am familiar with the phrase "blowing your mind." I suspect that the chemically induced experience referred to may come close to approximating the sensation available on a bald. You get the feeling that you are coming apart in a nice, euphoric way, that your substance is being diffused, being mingled with the mountains, grass and thin air.

On Andrews Bald we entertained ourselves in this fashion for a time, and the fact that we were in the busiest national park in the country on Labor Day and only two miles from the toothpaste tower neither inhibited nor detracted from our psychedelic pleasure. On Andrews Bald there was no noxious garbage or debris to hang us up, no mangled flora or persecuted wildlife, no footprints, no

people. In fact, during the entire four-mile walk we met only one other person, a 12-year-old boy who had begged leave from his parents to take the trail. When we met him he was running back toward the parking lot in something of a panic. Having stayed a good while on Andrews Bald, he was certain he was going to catch it from his mother for "messing around in the woods."

Meanwhile, back on the toothpaste trail things had been much different, according to our spies. The spies were our prepubescent daughters, who had been left behind because 1) they hoped to see a tourist die of a heart attack while trying to scale toothpaste peak, and 2) because I wanted them to count how many visitors climbed the trail. They reported that the citizenry had shuffled up the sidewalk through drifts of Polaroid film wrappers at the rate of 612 bodies an hour and that, disappointingly for them, there had been no fatalities.

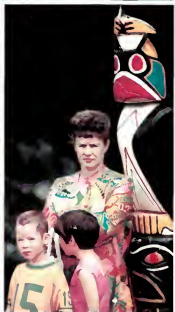
The point, I think, of this vignette, *Labor Day Weekend in the Great Smokies*, is that it bears on that always fascinating subject, Illusion and Reality (National Parks Division). The illusion is that our national parks are ostensibly, wastefully, stupidly overcrowded rural slums, that not many such places as Andrews Bald are to be found in the park system, and hardly any on a Labor Day Saturday. This notion is assiduously, faithfully and bitterly promoted by that cartel of wilderness, outdoors, anti-nature-grand organizations and individuals who collectively may be called the boondock lobby. According to the lobby, the national parks are surely and not so slowly being loused up by the 135 million people a year who visit them. These millions, say the boondockers, seldom get very far away from their automobiles and are insensible to the real purpose of a national park, which is to provide the citizenry with a place in which the "unspoiled natural esthetic" may be sought out and enjoyed.

All of which, or about 95% of which, strikes me as being sheer illusion. The Great Smokies, the park in point, occupies approximately half a million boondocky acres. It is true that 5% of these acres, which are developed with roads, trailer stables, rustic jobs, etc., are very crowded. They are crowded because this 5% of the land attracts virtually all the 6½ million people who visit the park. However, the rest of the park—like the trail to Andrews Bald, is never, or seldom, used. Evidence supporting this iconoclastic conclusion does not have to rest solely on a two-hour Saturday afternoon walk from the Clingmans Dome parking lot to Andrews Bald. For example, on that particular holiday weekend 135,000 visitors were logged through the park entrances. Of these, only 130 parties

*continued*

*Attractions and distractions of the park area on a holiday weekend include trafficking in Indian handicrafts, the subzero parrot of socializing with bears and the chance to gather beneath a totipot pole*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN GREEN ARMITAGE





asked for campfire permits, freely given documents that signify the intention of the holders to leave the highway complex for at least one night and become what the Park Service calls backcountry campers. Or to expand the statistics a bit, of the 6½ million who came to the park last year, only one-third of one percent used the boondocks for backcountry camping. This is the general situation throughout the national park system.

As it happens, I am personally a boondockist born-and-bred, and so prior to Labor Day all my experience with the parks had involved the backcountry—the unused, illusory 95'. For example, a year previous when I had been in the Great Smokies, I had come as a backpacker, crossing the park on the Appalachian Trail while walking the 2,050 Georgia-to-Maine miles of this footpath. I passed through in May when the paired trilliums were in bloom on Thunderhead Mountain and gravid does were grazing on Siler's Bald. During the four days and 60 miles of walking in the park, I met only 11 people. All of which—the trilliums, expectant does, 11 people—sured me just fine. However, I left puzzled, since even a boondockist can figure out that 2½ people a day do not add up to 6½ million a year. The notion occurred that sometime I should get out of the illusory backcountry and go down to the roads where the people, action and reality of the park apparently were to be found. That is one reason why on Labor Day weekend my family and I arrived at the Great Smoky Mountains National Park in Rosalind Russell's dressing room.

It could be argued that going any place in a movie queen's boudoir is not a good way to investigate reality. However, with all returns in, I think we made the right decision. Just as walking 2,000 miles is a sort of super boondock illusion, so touring in Roz's dressing room is the super reality of national park use.

To end the suspense, what we came to the park in and lived in while there was an enormous, elegant, completely absurd 4½-ton vehicle called a Cortez Motor Home, one of 500 or so similar machines made each year by the Clark Equipment Company of Battle Creek, Mich. Ours was numbered 1720, and the previous user—as promised by the rental agency—was Miss Russell, who had occupied it most of the summer while on film location. From the outside a Cortez looks like a bloated Brink's truck, with wraparound windows instead of armor plate. Inside it looks like—well—very much like a movie star's dressing room. It is full of wall-to-wall carpeting, soft divans that cunningly can be converted into beds, commodes, stoves, air conditioning, fluorescent lights, folding bars, etc.

All other claims and marvels aside, there is one unde-

niable virtue of a Cortez. If you absolutely have to travel with children, doing so in a Cortez while, of course, not easy, is easier than any other form of transportation I know about. In one of these mobile suites the kids can play Monopoly all day as the miles slip past. They are never farther from soda pop than the built-in refrigerator, and the john is only a step away from the refrigerator. Also, when these wonders pull and your traveling children turn mean, as they inevitably do, you can swat them and send them to bed just like back home. Terrific.

When we got to the park we stabled 1720 in L-18, a parking stall at Elkmont, a car campground. Elkmont is the largest and most popular of 14 Great Smoky parking lots where people live by and out of their cars. These parking lots, not some bosky glade in the backcountry, are where you find the hard-line park users, the majority of the people who stay for a night or two. In the 14 car campgrounds in the Smokies there are about 1,400 parking stalls, which means, given the size of families and automobiles, there is space for about 5,000 overnights.

Once we parked 1720 at Elkmont we immediately discovered another virtue of a Cortez, the machine is so exotic that it gives the operator an automatic entrée into the social life of a parking-lot campground. We had scarcely stopped rolling when we began to receive visitors and rubberneckers. They punched 1720's flanks, pushed her buttons, peered into her mechanical innards and requested a complete rundown on her gas consumption and her performance on freeways, curves and hills. The Cortez, because it was rare, was an attraction, but of an exhibitive sort, like a mock-up of a family rocket ship displayed at an auto show. Also, there was an undercurrent of feeling that the Cortez was a bit too cunning for the car-camping purists. "It's lovely," a Delaware lady said to her mate in a loud whisper while peering into the kitchenette, "but everything is done for you. I wonder what these people do with themselves all day."

What she meant was that in a Cortez, in which all the gadgets for gracious automotive living are preassembled and installed, you can't play The Game, which is the principal recreation of out-of-cardoorsmen and which if you don't know anything about you don't know anything about reality in the national parks. The Game is sometimes called Looking Over that Rig from Ohio. It is a sort of combination of one-upmanship and kicking tires in a used-car lot. The object of The Game is to turn a parking stall into a facsimile of a summer cottage or a small development house. The competitive aspect is to build a better house than anybody else in the parking lot by bringing more equipment and by displaying more ingenuity. No matter what the boondock people say, a lot more people come to play this game and spend a lot more time playing it than they do seeking solitude or sniffing the wild flowers.

*continued*

*Roughing it in Indian country has its hazards. How can the lady hope to win the plumage battle against the redskin, and what is there really to do once the home away from home has been constructed?*

The Game begins as soon as a family pulls into a parking space. The first move is to set up the core unit of the dwelling. This may be a large tent that has to be propped up, a pop-up tent trailer that has to be popped up or a pickup truck camper or house trailer that has to be leveled, chocked up, opened up. Once this is done the out-of-cardoorsman is ready to begin putting up annexes, usually a cluster of small separate tents for dining, washing and lounging, plus canvas cubicles for kids, pets and grandparents. Few campers in Elkmont were tent campers; nearly everyone was a tent camper.

Once the main buildings are erected, campers begin adding the heap of little touches that make a parking lot a home. Aluminum chairs and settees are arranged in symmetrical patterns. Folding tables, sinks, brake blocks and garbage-disposal units are set up. Though most trailers and pickups have built-in units, many campers also carry refrigerators, stoves, ovens, overhead lights and china cupboards, which are put up outside. These are the basic furnishings of a parking lot, but there are many optional conveniences. Two lady schoolteachers from Indiana traveled with a flower box full of geraniums, and a family of Georgians put out a doghouse for their beagle.

Once an out-of-cardoorsman has set up his own rig and displayed his equipment and ingenuity to best advantage, he is ready to take part in the tricky offensive part of The Game: to wander about and look critically at other people's rigs and receive wanderers who want to look at his. From dawn to dusk, little groups of rig critics walked about Elkmont, putting down their neighbors in a polite sort of a way:

"I'll admit I've got a lot of money tied up in this rig, but the convenience of a trailer is worth it to me. I just come up here to enjoy the wilderness and relax. But I guess for you younger people part of the fun is roughing it, wrestling with a tent."

"We came over last time with some friends from Knox [Knoxville] who were pulling a trailer. Took us two hours. Now I can get over here in an hour and 20 easy. You'd be surprised how one of those rigs drags. Didja ever figure what it adds to a gas bill?"

"This little gadget is a water leveler. Pull right in, adjust it and you know your taps are going to work. It's probably not worth it to a fellow who just gets out once in a while. But we are hooked on this outdoor stuff. It sure saves us time and aggravation."

About half the people in Elkmont did not leave the campground during the weekend, mostly it seemed because they were enjoying themselves there, setting up their quarters in a parking lot, maintaining them, playing The Game. Also, there were some practical reasons for the immobility of these mobile-home campers. The most obvious was lack of time for doing anything else. It takes half a day to set up a respectable parking-lot compound and a bit less to take it apart the next afternoon. In between you have

to keep it in working order, clean it and protect it from the dew, bugs and careless children. Furthermore, once you have built your auto-home, you can't stray too far from it without pulling it apart, the vehicle being an integral part of the structure. Thus if the tailgate of your station wagon is your table, the back bumper the foundation of your tent bedroom and the front seat a nursery, it is a considerable undertaking to go off for a casual drive.

While it may give one a certain psychological sense of freedom to be able to leave a parking lot, there is, in a place like Elkmont, no real necessity to do so. If there is anything you have forgotten or could not carry, the chances are that if you wait patiently somebody will come around the parking lot selling it. Every morning at Elkmont a concessionaire arrives by truck, carrying milk, butter, eggs and a daily newspaper. In the evening another truck comes by with marshmallows, skinned roasting sticks and bundles of wood, precut to fit the cement fireplaces with which every parking space is equipped. Despite the fact that most of the campers actually cook and warm themselves by some electrical or gas device, the traveling woodsman does a brisk business. "A camp just wouldn't be a camp without an open fire," said one of the Indiana schoolteachers, expressing what appears to be a general feeling. "Woodsmoke is—it is sort of—I don't know—woody."

Many visitors, of course, know there are other things to do in the park besides sit around the parking lots, and are able and inclined to do them. Some go on official nature walks conducted by park rangers (five showed up for the Elkmont nature walk on Labor Day Saturday). More go to the movies, which the Park Service shows every night at every campground. (At Elkmont on Sunday night they ran a color film of Great Smokies scenery. A couple of hundred came to sit in the park to look at pictures of the park.) Some go riding (there are 100 horses for hire in the park) or fishing, or on day hikes. However, most people who go anywhere drive to one of the four or five major on-the-road attractions. One of these, as has been noted, is the toothpaste tower on Clingmans Dome. Another is Cades Cove, a pretty valley that was settled in the early 19th century by pioneer farmers. It has been restored, à la Williamsburg, by the Park Service and turned into something called a self-guiding motor tour. This means that frequently along the Cades Cove road there are large signs that can be read from the car indicating some historic or natural point of interest, an old burying ground or a meadow where deer have been known to browse. The self-guiding motor tour ends at a large ice-cream and grocery store, which is also well patronized.

Popular as Clingmans Dome and Cades Cove are, independent observation as well as testimony of park officials indicates that probably the two biggest attractions for people coming to the park are not in the park at all. They are the two towns immediately adjacent: Cherokee, N.C. to the south and Gatlinburg, Tenn. to the north.



Among the campers at Elkmont campground, all I talked to had visited one or both of these communities.

The towns are somewhat similar in appearance, being attenuated traffic jams enclosed between parallel rows of redwood-neon-modern souvenir shops. They also are similar in community spirit, being blatantly, and even a little proudly, tourist traps. However, each town uses a different bait in its trap. In Cherokee (named for the Indian tribe) the thing, from the Warrior Burger Bar to the Moecasin Village, is Indians. The place is a kitchen midden of tomahawks, beaded belts and bows and arrows, many of which are imported direct from Hong Kong. Standing in front of every souvenir shop is a tame, dejected, painted Indian.

While Cherokee is bad Indian, Gatlinburg is bad artsy-craftsy. Here the deal is you do not just buy things made in Hong Kong, you watch real Americans making things just like they make them in Hong Kong, then you buy them. It is like genuine. You can watch genuine whittlers whittle cute bears, genuine braiders braid three-color bullwhips, genuine artists draw charcoal portraits. Mostly you can watch genuine candymakers make candy. In the center of metropolitan Gatlinburg there is a place where you can stand and watch candy being made simultaneously in five different stores. If you get tired of that you can watch other tourists watching candy being made. Gatlinburg is a real taffy pull.

Gatlinburg, Cherokee, Clingmans Dome, Cades Cove and everything else motorworthy in the park are connected by U.S. 441. When you get down to the nutty gritty it is in and along 441 that you find the biggest chunk of reality in the park. This two-lane road bisects the park and, in the park, is patrolled, supervised and cursed by the park rangers. On Sunday of this particular Labor Day weekend I went out on patrol with Dick Hardin, a sub-district ranger, and there was an awful lot of reality on 441, plus what seemed to be about two-thirds of the park's 135,000 visitors. When we left park headquarters in midafternoon, driving up toward Newfound Gap, the traffic coming down the mountain into the candy capital of Gatlinburg was already backed up for a mile.

Traffic jams are phenomena about which it can be said that if you've seen one you've seen them all. Highway 441 looked, sounded and smelled very much like the Chicago Skyway or Santa Monica Freeway at 5 o'clock. However, there were a few touches distinctly national park in character. For example, Hardin had gone only a mile or so up the mountain when he had to stop and break up a bear jam.

A bear jam is what happens when a motorist spots a black bear along the highway, stops his car, leaves it in the road and rushes at the animal with a Polaroid camera and peanut-butter sandwich. The next motorist does the same, and the next and the next and the next. Before you can say, "Look, there's a bear," you have a bear jam.

Given the opportunity, nearly all of the 6½ million visitors to the park would make a bear jam, but at any given time only about 20 of the park's 300 or so black bears are jammers—the ones who have learned that it is easier and more fattening to hustle tourists along the road than hustle blackberries back in the boondocks. These sharpies make a living hanging around scenic overlooks and campgrounds, tipping over garbage cans and waiting for tourists to feed them. They are a great trial to the rangers. Among other things, if a tourist is slow in handing over a marshmallow or insists on trying to ride the bear or make it smoke a cigar, the bear will sometimes swat the tourist. This means a lot of ambulance chasing and filling out of accident reports for the rangers. So far, a bear has never mortally mauled a tourist in the Great Smokies, but swatting is not uncommon. There were 42 of what the Park Service calls "bear incidents" in 1967.

**T**o keep bears and tourists from bothering each other, the Park Service has put up signs all over which warn that bears are big, strong, uncertain-tempered animals that can hurt you. Therefore it is inadvisable and illegal to feed the bears, and if you are caught doing so it will cost you 25 bucks. Neither the bears nor tourists pay much attention to these signs, I discovered. At one bear jam we encountered late in the day, Dick Hardin waited at the tail end of the traffic so that I could slip forward to see what went on when nobody knew the fuzz was around.

In this instance the bear was a yearling boy, earlier in the season, with provocation, pushed a cigar down the throat of a visitor. When I saw it the bear was sitting below a stone retaining wall at the edge of a scenic parking lot, while the crowd threw candy, bubble gum and full and empty pop bottles at him. One family—father, mother and 6-year-old son—were particularly active. The old man had a camera and wanted to get a picture of his son and the bear close together—very close.

"Jump down over the wall and stand next to him, Kevin," the father suggested, and the boy started to obey with alacrity. A potential accident report was avoided by the mother, "I don't think he should. There are probably rattlesnakes down there," she objected, pointing to the pile of garbage around the bear. Now anyone who wants his child to pose with a bear strong enough and willing to break a calf's neck or anyone who thinks rattlesnakes live under Tootsie Roll wrappers is not going to be easily dissuaded from doing anything by a rustic sign.

Mostly the rangers deal with bear jams by simply chasing the bear in one direction and the tourists in another. At one jam, Hardin, who is the recognized bear expert on the ranger staff, got out of the car carrying a pick handle. He gave two authoritative taps on the road and the bear, an old sow who had been swallowing marshmallows as fast as the crowd provided them, paused in midgulp, gave

*continued*

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## BOONDOCK

a disgruntled snort, turned around and lumbered off into the woods.

"They get to know us," Hardin explained. "Sometimes you don't even have to tap. They just see the uniform and take off." The tourists were neither so well conditioned or so much in awe of authority as the animal. They grudgingly dispersed, finally uncorking Highway 441.

**A** mile or so beyond this bear jam a pickup-truck camper was parked at a scenic overlook. The family had put up an awning, unpacked its lawn chairs, table, transistor radio and a lot of food and gave every indication of having settled in for a lengthy stay. When Hardin got out of his patrol car the man of the pickup asked testily, "How come there isn't any water here?"

"There is water at all designated picnic areas," Hardin replied, and nodded to a large sign that said, in the Park Service's grizzly affirmative style, **NO PICNICKING IN DESIGNATED AREAS ONLY.**

"What the hell," said the man forgivingly, ignoring the sign. "I guess we can make out all right. You know, this rig carries 25 gallons."

"What I mean," said Hardin, refusing to play the rig comparison game, "is that this is not a picnic area."

"You mean we can't picnic here?"

"That's what I mean. Sorry."

"Why the hell not? Nobody else is here."

"This is a scenic overlook. There are no picnic facilities—water, plumbing, garbage disposal."

"Hell," the man said, nodding to the forest beyond the road. "There's about 10 million acres of those woods. I guess we'll make out O.K. We're used to roughing it."

"You'll have to move," repeated Hardin. "If everybody used the area for picnicking or camping, it would be," the ranger paused delicately, "it would be an unsanitary mess in a day or so. You'll have to move now."

"O.k., O.K.," the man surrendered with little grace. Slowly he and his family began to repack. Hardin drove on.

## The cradle of tennis was meant to be rocky

The posh Newport Casino, shrine of the white-flannel set, was not really designed as a tennis club at all; it got its start when an uninvited horse wandered into the cottagers' exclusive Reading Room by JOHN HANLON

Now that American tennis has gone frankly commercial, the dachards of the country-club, grass-court set may at last be able to face this long-forgotten fact: the Newport Casino, birthplace of U.S. tournament tennis and genteel home of the Tennis Hall of Fame, was not primarily designed for the sake of tennis at all. It was conceived in a fit of anger by the crass and flamboyant James Gordon Bennett Jr., who was not even much of a tennis player.

Bennett, the wealthy publisher of the New York *Herald* and a front-rank Newport "cottager" when society's summer gathering place was at full flower, was not acting sportingly at all when, nettled and on his own, he put in motion the Casino project in 1879. He was prompted by what he considered an affront to a friend dealt by another Newport club: the socially formidable Newport Reading Room. The Reading Room, which was chartered in 1854 and is believed to be the country's oldest club still occupying its original building, had (and has) its quarters in a simple frame structure fronting on Bellevue Avenue, then Society's main promenade. Its title was somewhat misleading, for the Reading Room's membership—male only—was given more to socializing and wassailing than to the pursuit of literature. As Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer wrote in 1905, "The young men who throng the corridors or fill the windows are the smartest around town, and they are attractive features as they saunter about in their faultlessly cut garments, with their hats cocked in the latest fashion, with an indescribable air of self-satisfaction known only to the well-turned-out male."

That then was the atmosphere into which this friend of Bennett's rode a horse on an August afternoon in 1879. The man on horseback was one Cap-

tain Candy (inevitably nicknamed "Sugar"), a former British cavalryman and Bennett's polo-playing crony. Bennett had encountered the game in England in 1876 and with Candy's help had introduced it in this country. Whenever Candy was at Newport, which was often, he enjoyed all the privileges that close acquaintanceship with Bennett rated, including a card as Bennett's guest at the Newport Reading Room.

It has never been firmly established what caused Captain Candy to perform as he did on that August day. Perhaps it was a bet, a dare or a too-long stay at the tavern. One school holds that Bennett himself put Candy up to it. In any case, Candy and his mount set a course that brought them to the front of the yellow-colored building that houses the Reading Room. Then, to the astonishment of those thronging the corridors and filling the windows, in he rode. He went up the front steps, across the piazza, through two sets of broad doors and into the main hall. "Sir," the white-coated steward is said to have informed him at that point of the journey, "you cannot ride a horse in here." Candy ignored this. He proceeded along the hall for some 20 feet, made a left turn through an archway into what is called Reading Room No. 2, then into the South Room, which at the time housed the bar. Once there, he wheeled about, retraced his course out to the street and galloped off.

Taken purely as a feat of horsemanship, Captain Candy's ride was not much, but it had an electric effect on the membership of the Reading Room, on Newport at large and, hence, on all of Society. The act was taken as "a clear violation of the rules," as a brief reference to the happening in the Newport *Mercury* put it, and Bennett was notified that the guest card held by Cap-

tain Candy in his name was revoked.

Now James Gordon Bennett, siroiled and under full throttle, was a formidable man. His drive and his news sense had made his *Herald* the most powerful publication of the day, and he ran it with a bold and totalitarian hand. Once, for example, he promoted a copy boy named Billy Bishop to the post of sports editor of the European edition simply because a pair of Bennett's Pekingese, trailing their owner through the paper's Paris office, had taken a liking to him.

Bennett was also enormously rich and, in his social as well as business life, a leader and a doer. "Mr. James Gordon Bennett reached Newport on Wednesday," the Newport *Mercury* proclaimed in its issue of August 2, 1879, "and everyone at once looked for the opening of the festivities and sports of the season, for Mr. Bennett has the energy and push needed to give the coach of gaiety a good start."

Within days of the Candy incident, Bennett bought and paid \$60,000 for a cottage called "Stone Villa," about one quarter of a mile up Bellevue Avenue from the Reading Room, intending to make it a rival clubhouse. He soon decided against converting, though, and took Stone Villa as his own residence, because he had a better idea. He would build an all-new structure for the new club and to that end, in early fall, he bought 126,000 square feet of land across from Stone Villa.

By October, Bennett had formed a joint stock company and offered shares in his project, at \$500 each, to a select number of friends. The list of shareholders read like a reprint of the Social Register. For the architectural work, he commissioned the firm of McKim, Mead and White; Stanford White, the junior member, was to be primarily responsible

*continued*

for the form the Casino (as he decided to call it) would take.

What White brought from his drawing boards was a three-building complex in which space was provided for a bowling alley, a billiard parlor, reading rooms, restaurant, a court-tennis court, a theater-ballroom, bachelor lodgings and, on the ground floor facing Bellevue Avenue, space for shops to be occupied by "first-class tenants."

The main building was, and remains, three stories high, brick-faced at the street level, fish-scale shingles above. A paneled entryway on Bellevue Avenue led to the wonders within—the neatly kept tennis courts, trees, shrubs and pathways, the semicircular Horseshoe Piazza and a yellow-faced clock on a bulbous tower that struck one viewer as a copy of a London bobby's helmet. Actually the tower is shaped after a form common to the Loire Valley of France, a region much favored by White. The cost of the entire layout was said to be close to \$200,000.

The grand opening was held on July 28, 1880, and the *Newport News* proclaimed: "There is nothing like it in the old world or new." The first-class tenants, most of them from New York, were installed in the shops. The 16-piece orchestra of J. M. Lander, the Meyer Davis of his time, was brought up from New York, and the cottagers all turned out to make the inaugural a dazzling success.

"It is doubtful," the *Newport News* said just three days after the opening, "if a more lively place can be found." Within a week the Casino held a gigantic housewarming attended by more than 3,000 persons, an occasion the *Providence Journal* decreed as "the greatest event of its kind ever known here." Mrs. Van Rensselaer, in her account of Newport life, was moved to note that whatever the attraction provided by the Casino—horse show, dog show, tennis tourney, anything—"the fashionable folk" on the grounds made "a dazzling sight" and "a picture not easily forgotten."

In short, Bennett's place was the place, and in record time it became the "must" place to be seen at around noon for gossiping and for lunch. Then would come tennis or whatever for the afternoon, then a play, a concert or a gala on the grounds during the evening.

Bennett himself, oddly enough, was far from the best patron the Casino had,

primarily because he had expatriated himself to France and was an increasingly infrequent visitor to the U.S. But even when he was in residence at Stone Villa, Bennett did not often walk across the street to patronize his own creation; indeed there is a strong belief that he never once played tennis on the premises. Just having the Casino there and a success, apparently, was his reward.

After socializing, tennis quickly became the Casino's leading sport. The game had been growing in popularity among the American elite since it first appeared in this country from England, by way of Bermuda, around 1874. When, in 1881, the newly formed United States Lawn Tennis Association decided to hold its first national championship, the honor of serving as host for the event went to Newport and, of course, the Casino was the choice.

"The grounds were picturesque and the courts well kept," a frequent Newport participant, Henry Slocum Jr., national champion in 1888-89, noted later, "and Newport being then as now, a very fashionable resort, the most beautiful women of the country graced the tournament with their presence." Or as another player chose to put it, "The ladies bestowed sweet smiles upon the players."

Most of the sweet smiles, undoubtedly, were initially directed at Richard Dudley Sears, Harvard '83. Sears won the singles title in the 1881 tourney, went on to defend the title for the next six years and then retired undefeated from national competition.

The national championships, singles and doubles, continued to be contested at Newport every summer until 1915, when the event was moved to the West Side Tennis Club's new quarters at Forest Hills, N.Y. Newporters protested this move, but the New York group was able to convince the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association that tennis at the Casino was a social event to which even championship tournaments came second. It was an argument not without fact. Newport's reply, once the switch was done, was to put on its own invitational tournament for amateurs each August. That continued, except for war years, until this summer, when the Casino elected to follow a growing tennis trend by replacing the traditional event with a tournament for professionals.

During World War II the upper floor

of the Casino's main building was taken over as a club for officers at Newport's several Navy bases, but the Casino was otherwise dormant. After the war, it reopened quickly and bravely. But in terms of patronage and, more so, ambience, it somehow wasn't the same, and times became relatively hard. A corner of the Casino's property was sold off to a realtor and later became the site of a supermarket—and at the time it was thought that any good offer could have bought the rest of it for commercial uses.

Then a fourth-generation Newport cottager, James H. Van Alen, came to the fore. A wealthy, indefatigable worker for a variety of causes, whose activities included captaining the 1924 tennis team at Cambridge University, England, Van Alen was elected the Casino's president in 1952, and rescue operations began. In 1954 he obtained the U.S.L.T.A.'s sanction to establish the Tennis Hall of Fame at the Casino. He had it in business by the next year, and nearly every year since he has seen that appropriate people are named to its roster—with accompanying publicity for the Casino. He has also established a solid financial base for both the Hall and the Casino. From his office as president of the Hall of Fame's corporation, a title he assumed in 1957, Van Alen has been able to induce many of the Casino's shareholders to donate their Casino holdings to the Hall of Fame. By 1960 the Hall of Fame thus controlled more than 51% of the shares and by March of 1968 it owned 75% of them.

Van Alen has had all the Casino buildings and grounds spruced up, has leased out the theater-ballroom—a longtime white elephant—to a community group fostering the performing arts, and has improved the tennis setup from a spectator's viewpoint. He also has moved to give the place a more democratic mien, though not too much so. In 1965 he put on a tournament for professional players at the Casino, in addition to the regular amateur invitational.

Not all the Van Alen innovations have been totally accepted by the cottagers but none can deny that he has made the Casino once more a going concern, and that is what the crusty Bennett, a businessman before everything else, wanted most of all.

As for Captain Candy, the man responsible, he seems to have ridden straight off to oblivion. **END**

up the highway but at the first wide place in the road swung around and returned to the scenic overlook. The family was continuing its picnic.

"I'm sorry, but you're going to have to move now," Hardin said, his words having about the same ring as an anti-bear pick handle tapped on a stone.

The family began to pack a second time but somewhat more seriously than before. Hardin purposely remained parked in the area until they left. "You know," said the ranger, "we keep one man on the back-country trails. That's the job we all like."

"How so?"

"It's quiet back there and you see nice country, but mostly when you do meet people they are happy—no problems. If we had our way we'd all be out in the woods, but," Hardin said with sort of a hack-to-reality grimace, "it wouldn't make any sense for all the rangers to be in the back country and all the visitors down here."

That certainly would have made no sense on this Labor Day Sunday. An anthology of holiday happenings in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park (culled from Hardin's experiences and those of his colleagues as reported over the radio) would include: the apprehension of two men poaching ginseng, a rare, commercially valuable herb that grows in the park; an on-duty *National Geographic* photographer who fell off his horse into a barbed-wire fence and required treatment and soothing; a motorcycle that fell off the mountain; a Volkswagen but that went over the side while the driver was trying to tow a dead tree back to his campsite for firewood; a young hot rodder who came perilously close to running down a party of nature walkers; a boy stung by hornets while trying to dig out a chipmunk; a lady who lost her shoe while wading in a stream; a man beating a bear with a garbage-can lid.

While all of this and much, much more was going on, the surrealism of the park—all those cars on Highway 441—was getting realer and realer. By 8 o'clock in the evening cars were lined for five miles up the mountain from Gatlinburg.

The edge of the highway was littered with out-of-gas cars, vapor-locked cars, cars with hot brakes. In the almost stationary line of traffic you could see wives talking to husbands, appearing to an amateur lip reader to be saying things like, "Why didn't we leave this morning when I said we should?" and husbands with tight, quivering jaw muscles. The climax of the Sunday-night traffic pageant came about 10 o'clock when simultaneous radio reports indicated 1) a motorist had assaulted another motorist for alleged discourtesy, and 2) a husband had shot his wife while they were in the traffic jam.

Hardin immediately returned to park headquarters to deal with these incidents, both of which proved to be somewhat less serious than first reported. The assault case was more a bad-word tie-pulling case. The shooting was a shooting, but a bizarre one. The husband said he had become restless while in the traffic and had decided for therapeutic reasons to clean and load his revolver. While he was so occupied, a child in the back seat had joggled him and he had accidentally discharged the gun, wounding himself very slightly in the leg. The wife said her husband had intended to wound her very slightly for nagging about the way he was driving, but that he had missed and shot himself. However, she did not care to press charges. She just wanted to get home. The husband was fined for carrying a loaded gun in the park, and the happy couple was permitted to continue its holiday travels.

When it was just about all over Hardin and several other rangers were sitting in the switchboard room at park headquarters, revving and relaxing. Shortly before midnight the phone rang. The operator listened with a look of incredulity, then said, "Just a moment, sir, I'll have to ask." He put his hand over the receiver and explained the call to the rangers. "This gentleman is camped in Elkmont. He says he has to leave early in the morning and will a ranger come over and wake him up at 5.30."

Hardin and the others shook their heads in wonder.

"I'm sorry, sir," the ranger-operator

*continued*

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## BOONDOCK continued

said into the phone, mimicking the traditional singsong of hotel clerks. "Our wake-up man isn't on duty."

Being a devout boondockist and an illusionist, I have in the past regarded it as a sign of social responsibility to worry about what is happening to our national parks. One personal benefit of the exercise in reality conducted in the Smokies over Labor Day has been that I no longer fret very much about this subject. It does not seem to me that the public is, as I have been told and previously more or less believed, ravaging our parks. On the contrary, I can now see how it could be argued that the 6 1/2 million visitors to the park, 99% plus of whom are auto- and road-bound, are far more effective conservationists than the whole boondock lobby had lug-boot sole to Tyrolean hat. After all, collectively, the 6 1/2 million visitors make an impressive statistic for, say, a legislative appropriations committee that provides funds not only for the toothpaste tower on Clingmans Dome but also for cutting a trail to Andrews Bald. Even more important, those 6 1/2 million voluntarily, even eagerly, restrict their activities to the road-serviced 5% of the park area—that is real conservation. It is none of my business nor that of any boondockist if most of the park users enjoy living in trucks, looking at movies of scenery rather than scenery, creating and sitting in bear and traffic jams. Rather, we should be grateful that their tastes and ours, while so disparate, are so compatible: that they can have the Gatlinburg candy stores without interfering with us on Andrews Bald. Furthermore, though the suggestion will probably cause me to be stripped of my Kelly packboard and my Italian hiking shoes, we boondockists might even try to be a little more tolerant and agreeable when an occasional new road or rustic toilet is built in the park. It is just possible that it would not be a moral, social and esthetic disaster if some day this 99% of the people who use the public park got to use even so much as 20% of the park area. That still leaves considerable real estate in which boondocky pleasures and illusions can be pursued. **END**

# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

Those clanking sounds heard around the league came from Detroit (3-5-1) as pace after piece of its armor were clattering. The week began well enough, John Hiller pitching a one-hitter and Jim Price hitting a 10th-inning pinch homer to account for two wins. Then Second Baseman Dick McAuliffe had a scrap with White Sox Pitcher Tommy John. McAuliffe wound up with a five-day suspension, John with torn ligaments in his pitching shoulder. Next came four straight losses to NEW YORK (6-2-1), which was playing as of old. Two-run homers by Tom Truesdell and Roy White gave the Yankees a pair of 2-1 wins, the latter handing Denny McLain his second loss of the week and first on the road after 16 straight wins away from home. What's more, the Yankees came back from a 5-1 deficit to win the third game 6-5, the win going to erstwhile Outfielder Rocky Colavito, who had a 10-year rest since his only other pitching job. Colavito then homered in the finale, a 5-4 win for the Yankees. In between, the teams played a 19-inning 3-3 tie in which Lindy McDaniel of the Yankees pitched seven perfect innings of relief. Jim Hardin of BALTIMORE (4-2) earned two victories, and singles by Boog Powell (in the 15th inning) and by Brooks Robinson (in the 18th) won two more as the Orioles gained two games on the Tigers. Clyde Wright's 6½ innings of hitless relief and George Brunet's six-hitter were responsible for the only wins for CALIFORNIA (2-3). Three of the Angels' losses were to OAKLAND (4-3), which has taken 11 of 15 from them. Ninth-inning homers by Dick Green and Danny Cater, who had a bruised shoulder and ankle and a broken blood vessel in his hand, gave the A's two wins. Dean Chance of MINNESOTA (4-4) shut

out the Yankees 1-0, Jim Merritt beat them 3-1 on a three-hitter and Dave Boswell stopped the White Sox on four hits. Reliever Bob Humphreys of WASHINGTON (3-3) doubled his win total for the season as the Senators scored four times in the ninth to beat the A's 4-1 and topped the Indians 10-9. CHICAGO (3-5) beat the Tigers 10-2 but for the remainder of the week averaged just two runs a game. Jose Cardenal's base stealing, Sam McDowell's four-hitter and Vicente Romo's relief work helped CLEVELAND (5-2) take five in a row and bump Boston (2-5) out of third place. Ken Harrelson (page 22), who leads the majors with 101 RBIs, claims he has received numerous offers to capitalize on his fine year. "One is a comic strip called *The Hawk*," says Harrelson. "The hero would be a guy like Superman, but he'd wear a Nehru jacket and a medallion with H on it, and he'd have a big nose like mine."

Standings: Det. 81 49 Bat. 75-52, Clev. 71-62, Bos. 65-62, Sea. 64-63, NY 63-63, Minn. 62, Cal. 58-77, Chi. 54-76, Wash. 48-78

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

"Somewhere in the last year or so this club has lost its pride," said LOS ANGELES (1-6) General Manager Fresno Thompson. "There is no spirit, no noise, no desire, no determination." Statutes bore him out. Last week the fielders made 31 errors, the offense remained inept and the pitching staff—a few short years ago the best in baseball—gave up an average of seven runs a game. Even when Don Sutton came up with the best Dodger pitching job in two weeks—a four-hitter against the Giants—the team lost. Sutton, who has lost six of his last seven decisions despite a 1.89 ERA, might have expected such luck. World Champion St.

len's (4-3) was also lackluster. The Cards committed 11 errors (their opponents made four), hit just one homer (the opposition had six) and Bob Gibson, who had won 15 in a row, lost despite 15 strikeouts and a 4-0 lead going into the seventh inning. Gibson's streak might have remained intact if Willie Stargell of PITTSBURGH (3-4) had not started wearing glasses. The bespectacled slugger hit a three-run homer against Gibson and also set up a ninth-inning, game-winning rally with a double. After a 19-1 loss to the Pirates, a broken mirror was found in the CINCINNATI (4-3) clubhouse. Instead of seven years' bad luck, though, the Reds began winning. Pete Rose (*below*) hit .393, and Clay Carroll picked up his 10th save since being acquired from the Braves 11 weeks ago. Manager Luman Harris of ATLANTA (1-6), returning from a disastrous 3-7 road trip, was solaced with a contract for 1969. Rusty Staub of HOUSTON (5-1) batted .450, had nine RBIs and the Astros came from behind to win four times in a row. Ernie Banks and Billy Williams kept CHICAGO (5-2) from stumbling more than it did, Banks hitting four homers during the week, Williams driving in seven runs in one game. Tom Seaver of NEW YORK (2-4) won twice, but the rest of the Mets were not as amazing. Among their losses were 1-0 and 13-3 defeats by SAN FRANCISCO (5-2). Ron Hunt, who hit .400, won the 1-0 game with a single in the 17th inning. Some of the liveliest slugging was done by Richie Allen of PHILADELPHIA (4-3), although he did not want to take credit for all of it. Allen denied charges that he unloaded a "knockout punch on a bartender one late night.

Standings: St. 81 48 SF 69 60 Cin 61 55, Chi. 60 63, Atl. 64 66, Pitt 62 69, Phil 60 68, Hou. 57 70, NY 55 73, LA 55 74

## HIGHLIGHT

If Pete Rose of the Reds won the National League batting title and, or finishes the season with 200 hits, chalk up another victory for not-so-modern medical science. When Rose broke his left thumb while trying to make a diving catch on July 5, his chances of achieving either goal seemed almost nil. Three weeks later, however, Rose reported to Christ Hospital in Cincinnati. There, under the watchful eye of Team Physician Dr. George Ballou, Rose took part in a scene of the sort that was supposed to have died with those pre-op pairings of *Greer*, *Moss* and *Melrose*. Rose began pounding the hospital wall with his baseball bat. "He told me to hit the wall with the bat to see if it would hurt my thumb," Rose explains. The walls, fortunately, did not come tumbling down. Neither, also fortunately,

did Rose's thumb come tumbling off. In fact, the thumb did not even hurt on impact, and Dr. Ballou permitted Rose to return to the lineup five games earlier than had been anticipated. During those five games he had a total of eight hits, and they may well prove to be the difference for Rose in achieving his goal of 200 hits for the third time in the past four years. He now has hit safely 163 times. With 16 games left to be played, he needs only slightly more than one hit a game the rest of the way. Even more impressive has been his .383 batting average since returning to play a month ago, a spree that has moved him up from 329 to 345 when he was injured. Rose was hitting Marty Alou of the Pirates in the batting race by eight points. Now he leads Alou, as well as everyone else in the majors, by seven points. Charlie Hustle is making big-league hitting look almost respectable again.



ROSE: COUNTING THE HITS

**FOR THE RECORD**

A roundup of the sports information of the week

**SHIMIZU, K.** An unusual case of WAKAYAMA, JAPAN at Owarage Ryukyu in the final of the Little League World Series in Williamsport, Pa.

**BOATING** MISS FACILE ELECTRIC, a hydroplane driven by Robert Ayl Force Colapfel Warner Gardner, scored 1,000 points in three heats to win the President's Cup on the Potomac River near Washington.

After a previous leader had captured, TOM ALLIEN came on to win the final race and capture his sixth North American Lightning Class championship on Lake Michigan off Chicago.

**CHESS** Denmark's Grand Master BENT LARSEN defeated William Marić in the final round of the 12-round Swiss system to win the U.S. Open Chess

**CYCLING** **DAVID BORDEN** 20 From Berkeley, Calif. pedaled in a 5:10.4 in the 4,000-meter pursuit race to defeat Doree Chenuet and make the U.S. Olympic cycling team. The four-man final was broken down into quarts, and the lone Olympic competitor chosen on the basis of fastest time.

**GOLF** BOB MURPHY sank a 12-foot put on the third hole of the sudden-death playoff against Robert Harris Jr. to win the \$100,000 Philadelphia Golf Classic at Whispering Valley Country Club, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

B.ATHS WHITWORTH shot impressive 66s for a 118 and was credulously defended by Eugene, World Senior, at Lough (the Eagle, 10).

**HARNESS RACING** As expected, NEVELE PRIDE with Nantley Dancer in the sulky, won the \$116,190 Hawthornean at Du Quoin III (page 14). Only the time was disappointing: as the superb winner took the championship in straight heats (1:59<sup>1</sup>), and 1:59.

**HORSE RACING** Top weighted in 116 pounds, CIR I VICTOR ran away from the field, brushed 10 lengths by front and set a world's record for the mile on a new 1:12.700 Washington Park Handicap on a 5/2.

**MODERN PENTATHLON** A second-place finish in the 4,000-meter chase-country run the final event in the five-day modern pentathlon competition, brought Master JIM MOORE, point total 1,919.11 and earned him his third national championship. Moore, along with Captain Tom Lough and Jim Kerr, who finished second and third, will represent the U.S. in the modern pentathlon at the Olympics, Canada.

**NOTES** **SOURCE:** BLACK HILLS undrilled  
either by a crash with a speculator's car or the pro-

test of Tim Lundy, who led until he withdrew from the race after receiving a one-lap penalty, won the 100-lap grand touring event at Columbia Speedway, Columbia, Ga.

**SHOOTING** In the first three-way shoot-off in the 49-year history of the Grand American Trapshoot Tournament, DENTON CHILDERS claimed 24 of 25 targets to win \$4,076. In the regular round, Childers, Bill Henderson and Ross Kold, all from

MIDDLETON TOMPKINS, after being nine points behind, shot a perfect score at 609 yards and a near-perfect one at 300 yards to win the national, high-powered rifle championship at Camp Perry, Ohio.

**SOCCER**—NASH, WASHINGTON took over first place in the Eastern Conference's Atlantic Division by defeating Boston and tying second-place ATLANTA (1-0) as well as third place NEW YORK (0-0). BALTIMORE (1-1) stayed in last place.

place while Boston (0-5-1) was securely moved to first place. CLEVELAND (0-2-0-0), continued to lead the West with a 10-0-0-0 record. The only team to lose ground, TOLSON (0-1-0-0) held third and DETROIT (0-1-0-1) was last. The Gulf Division of the Western Conference remained unchanged. KANSAS CITY (0-2-0-1) was first. ST. LOUIS (0-0-1-0-0-0), HOUSTON (0-0-1-0-0-0) and SAN ANTONIO (0-0-0-0-0-0) were tied for second. The West and Midwest Conference OAKLAND (0-0-0-1) still moving climbed into first place, four points ahead of SAN DIEGO (1-0-0-0), at 3-0-0. ANGELLES (1-1-0-1) took over third. VANCE/OSBORN (0-0-0-1) dropped to fourth, while the standings in the division changed.

**TENNIS**—ARTHUR ASHE defeated unseeded Bob Lutz who had gained the final with upset victories over Cliff Richey, Bob Hewitt and Clark Gribben to win the U.S. Men's Singles Championship on Chestnut Hill, Mass. (page 44). Lute held the advantage after three sets (4-6, 6-3, 6-3). But his Ashe came back to take the last two, 6-4, 6-3, and become the first Negro to win the men's title.

**TRACE & FIELD**—Australian RUN CLARKE broke his own world record (9:59.4) for the two mile, running that distance in 8:59.6 at White City Stadium, London, England. At the same meet, British women's relay team—MAUREEN THURTER, DELLA JAMES, JANET SIMPSON and VALERIE PEAT set a new world's record for the 400-meter relay with a time of 3:33.8.

The U.S. women's team as selected at the Olympic trials at Walnut, Calif.: 100 meters—WYOMIA TYUS, MARGARET BAILES; BARBARA FERRELL, 200 meters—MARGARET BAILES, WY-

OMIA TYLA BARBARA FERRELL 400 m-  
tes JARVIS SCOTT LOB DRINKWATER  
FESTER STRID 800 *yards* MADLINE  
MANNING DOIR BROWN JARVIS SCOTT  
80 meter hurdles MAMIE RALLINS PAT VAN  
WOLFELEAF long jump MARTHA WATSON  
WILLIE WHITE high jump SHARON  
CAJAHAN ELEANOR MONTGOMERY 5  
TILE BASKERVILLE shotput MAREN SEID  
for 400m GIGIA CONNOLLY javelin  
BARBARA FRIEDRICH

**MILEPOST:** NAMED MONTE IRVIN, former New York Giants outfielder and clubhouse league-leading (21 RBIs) of the Giants' unimpeachable (95) pennant-winning team, as special assistant to Baseball Commissioner William D. Fickens. Irvin's appointment may be the beginning of the long-awaited black breakthrough into the executive branch of baseball.

**SIGNED** The American Football League's leading touchdown receiver **ART POWELL**, 31, by the Minnesota Vikings. Powell, who began his pro career with the Philadelphia Eagles, returns to the National Football League after eight years with the New York Jets, the Oakland Raiders, and the Buffalo Bills.

**DIED: HEINIE GROH** 78, the originator of the bottle bat and for 35 years first of baseball's first offenders, in Cincinnati. Groh broke into the major leagues with John McGraw and the New York Giants in 1912, played on Giants pennant winners in 1912 and 1913 and was then traded to Cincinnati. He returned to the New York Giants in 1922 and was the hero of the World Series that year, hitting .434 in the Giants' crushed the Yankees whose star Babe Ruth hit only .154. He retired in 1923.

**DIED: EARL SANDS** 69, outstandingly mobile,

one of the highest figures in the postwar era of sports in the 1950s, and a member of Washington's racing's Hall of Fame in Dicksonville, Ore. An unstable man, Sande was a superb competitor. Weight problems forced him to retire in 1928. But two years later he returned to racing, won the Kentucky Derby for the third time and graded Gallop Park to the Triple Crown. He retired again in 1932 and became a trainer but had only indifferent success. In 1953 at the age of 55, he came back once more. In 10 days (at 10 days) he won one and then left the track for good.

DIED ALBERT JOHLY STARK, 70, a National League umpire for 12 years, who was renowned for his boisterous and dramatic gestures in New York.

## CROFTS

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## FACES IN THE CROWD

**CONNIE PELSTER**, 16, helped her Nashville AAU Victory Swim Team win the Tennessee state meet in Knoxville by competing in four relays and by finishing first in six races from 100 to 1,500 meters, setting Southeastern and state records in all of them.



**BILL WALSH** of Newark, Del. won the grueling A.A.U. All Around championship consisting of 10 events all in one day: 100 yard dash, shotput, high jump, 880-5 yard walk, hammer throw, pole vault, 420 yard hurdles, 55 pound weight, long jump and mile run.



**ED GLEGG**, 17, a pitcher and third baseman, led his team to 18 consecutive victories in the Adnan (Midek) Cul League, compiling a 6-0 record as a pitcher, hitting a robust 79 and slugging a total of 14 home runs, three of them with the bases loaded.



**BARBARA ROBINSON** of East Saint Louis. She won two 24-game bowling tournaments, first in Waukegan, Ill. where she had a total game 256, and then at Jefferson City, Mo. where she averaged 18 despite having been unemployed 4 1/2 months working as a waitress.



**ALICE TYM** of Peoria, Ill. and her husband, Ed, took five events at the Western Canada Open Grass Court tennis championships, last of the Pacific North West tourneys at Vancouver, B.C., each winning the singles and doubles, then taking the mixed doubles.



**DONALD F. MULL JR.**, 16, of Creskill, N.J., son of the executive director of the A.A.U., won the novice title at the Modern Pentathlon Olympic Development Clinic in Texas with first in fencing, second in riding, cross-country and swimming and third in shooting.





# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## FLOOD CONDITIONS

Sirs

I've read a few articles in *SI* that I didn't fully agree with but never one quite so absurd as your August 19 article on Curt Flood (*Not Just a Flood, but a Deluge*). The moment I took the magazine from the mailbox and read the caption, my stomach turned.

I do not wish to take anything away from Mr. Flood, he's a fine ballplayer (this year). But I believe that the greatest centerfielder and I'm even bold enough to say the greatest all-round baseball player alive—is Willie Mays, aging though he is.

Ask any kid who Willie Mays is, then ask him who Curt Flood is. Curt who?

MIKE MESSNER

Salman, Calif.

Sirs

Your article on Curt Flood was very good, but proclaiming Flood as the best centerfielder in both the American and the National leagues is ridiculous.

PETER RUFFNER

Seaford, N.Y.

Sirs

Even though I'm a San Francisco Giant fan, I must admit that the August 19 cover of *SI* showed a great picture of Curt Flood making a spectacular catch. But the headlines made me mad.

All I have to say is this. I appreciate the fact that the author, after two pages and eight paragraphs of the article, mentioned the name of Willie Mays.

MARK GRALMAN

Claremont, Calif.

Sirs

Your cover picture of Curt Flood shows why he's not baseball's best centerfielder. A slight inspection shows Mr. Flood trapping the baseball, and any true-blue fan knows that Willie Mays (baseball's best centerfielder) would have caught that ball with his back to the wall.

JIM SIMON

Oakland, Calif.

Sirs

Would you believe that I don't completely agree with your assertion that Curt Flood is the best centerfielder in the league?

JAMES DAPIER

Lima, Ohio

Sirs

The article on the Cardinals and Curt Flood in particular, was great. However, you omit one fact that makes Flood even greater than your article indicated. Flood

usually bats behind Brock, who leads the league or is second in stealing bases. Flood takes many a called strike, bluffs a bunt or swings at a ball that he does not intend to hit in order to add Brock in his stealing. Despite this handicap, he still gets his 200 hits and 300 batting average pretty regularly.

RAY NOLES

St. Louis

## FORGOTTEN CUBS

Sirs

You must have something against the Chicago Cubs, because you have been ignoring their great baseball all year. And now you ignore the fact that the Cubs have jumped from ninth to second in less than a month.

You could at least have recognized Glenn Beckert's 27-game hitting streak and put him in the "Highlight" section of *BASEBALL'S WEEK*. The Cubs have the most talented team in baseball. They could break a game wide open with sluggers like Billy Williams (122 home runs, 79 RBIs), Ron Santo (120 home runs, 72 RBIs) and Ernie Banks (125 home runs, 68 RBIs). It's just disgusting the way you pass up this great team.

STEVE DE SALVO

River Grove, Ill.

## COLOR OHIO BROWN

Sirs

I would like to congratulate Tex Maule on his article about Paul Brown and the new Cincinnati Bengals of the AFL (*Rude Welcome Back for Paul*, Aug. 12). It was a most interesting and relaxing story, and the color photographs helped to show what the Bengals might look like in their first season.

Dodger's it seems remarkable that Paul Brown has coached a champion high school team, a champion Big Ten team, a champion pro team and, maybe soon, another champion pro team all in the state of Ohio.

STEVE JASPERS

Columbus, Ohio

## STRIKES AND SPARES

Sirs

Thanks to Curry Kirkpatrick on the long-awaited and excellent pro-bowling story (*Life Is Not a Bowl of Cherries*, Aug. 5). But I have to challenge Dave Davis' contention that "nobody knows me." He received a tremendous amount of national television exposure last season by winning those six tournaments, including our own Miller High Life Open here in Milwaukee. There were also more radio interviews than he can apparently remember and hundreds of stories in print (we have a scrapbook to prove it).

Consider these figures: The *Pro Bowlers Tour* on ABC was carried last year for 13 weeks by 205 stations to an estimated 11 mil-

lion viewers weekly. They were usually viewing Davis. We can further verify that there were 236 reports on the Miller High Life Open alone this year carried by 788 radio stations (including two national networks) with an estimated cumulative audience of 176 million. Of course, Davis was among the pros interviewed. In addition, there were 1,177 printed reports on the Miller tournament this year (including one in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*), with a total circulation for those publications just short of 175 million. The wire services sent out newspaper reports which appeared in 43 states on our tournament alone. If nobody knows Dave Davis it's because he is wearing a mask.

I also have to take exception to one statement by Mr. Kirkpatrick. While Firestone has sponsored pro-bowling tournaments for years, Lincoln-Mercury has held only one event. Miller Brewing Company will hold its fourth \$60,000 tournament next March. Only Firestone has contributed more prize money to Professional Bowlers Association members (\$400,000).

CHUCK WELF

Miller Brewing Company

Milwaukee

Sirs

It is only natural that Dave Davis should seek more publicity for bowling in general and himself in particular, but to issue statements for public consumption attempting to compare bowling with golf is ridiculous. How can a representative of a sport in which every tournament site is identical in dimension, design and material composition, where the atmosphere is controlled, imply that bowling is more difficult because of the variable conditions encountered?

During every bowling season there are untold numbers of 220 to 250 games rolled by high-handicap bowlers. How many 18-hole rounds of par or better are recorded on a good golf course by 100 shooters?

HARVEY SHAPIROW

Firm, Mich.

## BEHIND THE WHEEL

Sirs

Kim Chapin must be highly commended for his article about Lee Roy Yarbrogh (*The Lion Leads the Charge*, Aug. 12). Although Mr. Chapin's article is short, it is very revealing. It also proves what the late Fireball Roberts said about Lee Roy, he has had the worst luck of anyone this year.

Now Lee Roy Yarbrogh has been recognized, and more recognition will come Chapin's article on Lee Yarbrogh was also commendable.

PATRICK BARTON

Oak Ridge, Tenn.

continued

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## 18TH HOLE *continued*

Sirs:

I fully enjoyed Kim Chapin's story on  
Cale Yarborough (*Bonanza For a Big Dreamer*,  
Aug. 5)—until the last paragraph. As a  
professional pilot, I was horrified at the state-  
ment, "Now when I'm flying I still dream."  
I'm sure Mr. Yarborough would not toler-  
ate a rookie driver dreaming while on the  
track. Please ask him not to do so while tool-  
ing around where I work.

Race drivers may live through several bad  
accidents on the track, but chances are their  
first good aircraft accident will prove fatal,  
perhaps to someone else.

LUDWIG J. JORDAN, USN

FPO New York

## NO MATCH

Sirs:

In his recent article covering the PGA  
Championship (*The Junkyard Coach II*, July  
29), Dan Jenkins mentioned that the PGA  
was becoming dull. He suggested that some  
of the excitement might be reinstated by  
going back to the match-play format.

On Sunday August 11 I viewed the Ameri-  
can Golf Classic from Akron, Ohio. It was  
tremendous. Jack Nicklaus, Lee Elder and  
Frank Beard finished the 72 holes all even.  
Beard was eliminated on the first sudden-  
death hole. Then Nicklaus and Elder played  
some of the greatest head-to-head golf I've  
ever seen. Nicklaus brought back some of  
the old glory of the tour. I believe that it  
would be a great idea to experiment with  
another match-play contest.

PHILIP LACURA

Oakland, N.J.

## POSES AND PONIES

Sirs:

I'd like to thank you and Alice Higgins  
for the column on the Santa Barbara Na-  
tional Horse and Flower Show (*Horsemen*  
on a Happy State, Aug. 12). I have lived in  
Santa Barbara County for about 11 years,  
and I must say our horse shows and rodeos  
bring people, horses and riders from the  
best parts of the country, including Santa  
Barbara itself.

GEORGE WHITE

Goleta, Calif.

## BANDSTORM

Sirs:

I wish to complain about a phrase in the  
article about the Los Angeles Ram-Cleve-  
land Brown preseason game in Los Ange-  
les (*A Big Lift Toward the Title*, Aug. 19).  
To quote: "It went along that way through  
much of the third quarter after Charlie Leigh,  
a wonderfully promising rookie whom the  
Browns found playing sandlot ball."

Hogwash!

Last year Charlie Leigh was a prominent  
member of the Norfolk Neptunes of the Con-  
tinental Football League. I can hardly call

Neptune football sandlot! The Neptunes  
were drawing some 13,000 per game, and  
once drew more than 20,000.

NASH BURNLEY

Norfolk, Va.

## THE BLACK ATHLETE (CONT.)

Sirs:

Your recent articles on The Black Ath-  
lete (July 1-29) were excellent, even though  
a bit one-sided. I thought that you might  
be interested in another viewpoint, one which  
may very well represent the majority of col-  
leges around the country.

Black athletes (we just call them athletes)  
have been a part of the University of Al-  
buquerque for several years. Of the 11 whose  
eligibility has run out, eight have received  
degrees. Our three dropouts are as follows:  
1) in Vietnam, 2) signed with a pro bas-  
ketball team and 3) owns his own gas sta-  
tion. For the past two years and presently,  
our assistant basketball coach has been a  
Negro (we just call him Devil Sam, coach).  
Eighty-seven percent of our athletes have  
received degrees compared with 60% of our  
nonathletes who enroll as freshmen. The  
young man responsible for one of our two  
men's dormitories is a Negro (we just call  
him Floyd Miller, head resident).

Your article would assign new phrases  
and clichés for all of these men. We just  
call them men, and apparently we are not  
in step.

MICHAEL R. DANA

Dean of Men

University of Albuquerque

Albuquerque

Sirs:

One problem of the black athlete which  
was cited in your recent (and superb) series  
was his all too frequent failure to graduate,  
a problem not exactly foreign to white ath-  
letes, either. The problem: How to get school  
officials to care beyond keeping the athlete  
eligible to perform?

A possibility that occurred to me is to  
make this year's athletic scholarship a func-  
tion of last year's graduations. For exam-  
ple, assume that a school has 50 athletic  
scholarships a year, that, based on aver-  
ages for the entire student body, 80% could  
be expected to graduate, and that we allow  
five years to graduation. Thus, athletes who  
entered in 1962 should have graduated by  
last June. But say that only 30, instead of  
the expected 40, managed to receive their  
diplomas. The next step is to penalize the  
school by reducing next year's athletic schol-  
arships from 50 to 40.

It seems to me that a system similar to  
the one outlined above might serve as an  
incentive to universities in the matter of aid-  
ing athletes along the path to a diploma.

R. H. BEANSON

Dayton, Ohio

Break out the  
frosty bottle, boys,  
and keep your  
tonics dry!



The snazzy pick is an authentic replica of the Armorial Bearings of The Honorable John H. P. Gilbey, who invites you to share the family gin.

A close-up, high-contrast photograph of a man wearing a green cowboy hat and a brown jacket with a thick white shearling collar. He is looking slightly to the right with a serious expression. In his right hand, he holds a lit cigarette. The background is dark and out of focus.

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